THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Different Ways Are Ours, Jeannie.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

Different ways are ours, Jeannie,
Different paths we go,
Yours is high and grand, Jeannie,
Mine is meek and low.
Yours is in the clouds, Jeannie,
Mine is with the flowers,
And stranger ways we go, Jeannie,
And stranger paths are ours.

Your hands are small and white, Jeannie,
And lords and ladies greet,
While mine are plain and brown, Jeannie,
With binding summer wheat.
With gleaning in the fields, Jeannie,
And piling golden grain,
And minding sheep and lambs, Jeannie,
Through winter winds and rain;
For different ways are ours, Jeannie,
And different paths we go,
And yours is high and grand, Jeannie,
And mine is meek and low.

And when the night comes down, Jeannie,
A royal court within,
'Tis yours to reign a queen, Jeannie,
And mine to sit and spin,
And when you see the great, Jeannie,
To seek your favor kneel,
'Tis mine to watch the moon, Jeannie,
Light up my busy wheel.
For stranger paths are ours, Jeannie,
And stranger ways we go,
And yours is high and grand, Jeannie,
And mine is meek and low.

Sweet music—heaven-born, Jeannie,
Floats all your palace through,
And gives her sweetest notes, Jeannie,
And witching spells to you.
While I must ever hear, Jeannie,
The lonely whippowil—
The singing of the birds, Jeannie,
The humming of the mill.
For different ways are ours, Jeannie,
And different paths we go,
And yours is high and grand, Jeannie,
And mine is meek and low.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVI.

A NIGHT BELL UNANSWERED.

It is singular to observe how lightly the wearing marks of Time sometimes pass over the human form and face. An instance of this might be seen in Mrs. Chattaway. It was strange that it should be so in her case. Her health was not good, and she certainly was not a happy woman. Illness was frequently her portion; care seemed to follow her perpetually; and it is upon these sufferers of mind and body that Time is fond of leaving his traces. He had not left them on Mrs. Chattaway; her face was fair and fresh as it had been eight years ago; her hair still in its mass of curls; her eyes were still blue, and clear, and bright.

And yet, anxiety was her constant companion. It may be said that remorse never left her. She would sit at the window of her room up-stairs—Madam's Room—for hours, apparently contemplating the outer world; in reality seeing nothing.

LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA., HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. McPHERSON, AND THE UNION DIVISION UNDER HIS COMMAND.

[See Article on Eighth Page.]

As she was sitting now. The glories of the bright day had faded into twilight; the sun no longer lit up the many hues of the autumn foliage; the various familiar points in the charming landscape had revealed themselves into one indistinct line of a dusky color; old Canham's chimneys were becoming obscure, and the red light thrown up from the mines was beginning to show itself on the night in the distance. Mrs. Chattaway leaned her elbow on the old-fashioned arm-chair as she sat in it, and rested her cheek upon her hand. Had you looked at her eyes, gazing out so pertinaciously where the past day had been, you might have seen that they told no speculation in them. They were deep in the world of thought.

That constitutional timidity of hers had been nothing but a blight to her throughout her life. Reticence in a woman is good; but not that timorous reticence which is the result of fear; which dare not speak up for itself, even to oppose a wrong. Every wrong inflicted upon Rupert Trevlyn—every unkindness showered down upon him—every pang of sickness, whether of mind or body, which happier circumstances might have spared to him, was avenged over and over again in the person of Mrs. Chattaway. It may be said that she lived but in pain; her life was one perpetual never-ending aching—aching for Rupert.

In the old days, when her husband had chosen to deceive Squire Trevlyn as to the existence of Rupert, she had not dared to avow the truth, and say to her father, "There is an heir born." She dared not fly in the face of her husband, and say it; and, it may be, that she was too willingly silent for her husband's sake. It would seem strange, but that we know what fantastic tricks our passions play us, that pretty, gentle Edith Trevlyn should have *loved* that essentially disagreeable man, James Chattaway. But so it was. And, while deploring the fact of the wrong dealt out to Rupert—it may almost be said *expiating* it—Mrs. Chattaway never visited that wrong upon her husband, even in thought, as it ought to have been visited. None could realize more intensely its consequences than she realized them in her secret heart. Expiate it? Ay, she expiated it again and again, if her sufferings could only have been reckoned as expiation.

But they could not. *They* were enjoying Trevlyn Hold and its benefits, and Rupert was little better than an outcast on the face of the earth. Every dinner that was put upon their table, every article of expensive attire bought for their children, every mark of honor or substantial comfort which their position brought to them, seemed to rise up reproachfully before the face of Mrs. Chattaway, and say, "The money to procure all this is not yours and your husband's; it is wrenched from Rupert." And she could do nothing to remedy it; she could only wage ever-continued battle with the knowledge, and with the sting it brought. There existed no remedy. It was not simply that she could not apply a remedy, but there existed none to apply. They had not come into the inheritance by legal fraud or wrong; they succeeded to it fairly and openly according to the legally-made will of Squire Trevlyn. Did the whole world range itself on Rupert's side, pressing that the property should be resigned to him, Mr. Chattaway had only to point with his finger, to the will, and say, "You cannot act against that."

It may be that this very fact brought the remorse with greater force home to Mrs. Chattaway. It may be that her ever dwelling upon it caused a morbid state of feeling which of itself served to increase the malady. Certain it is that by night and by day the wrongs of Rupert were ever pressing painfully on her mind. She loved him with that strange intensity which brings an aching to the heart. When the baby orphan was brought home to her from its foreign-birth-place, the pretty baby with its rosy cheeks and its golden curls—when it put out its little arms to her, and gazed at her with its loving blue eyes, her heart gushed out to it there and then, and she caught it to her with a wail of love more passionately fond than any ever given to her own children. The irredeemable wrong inflicted on the unconscious child fixed itself on her conscience in that hour, never to be lifted from it.

If ever woman lived a two-faced life, that woman was Mrs. Chattaway. Her true aspect—that in which she saw herself as she really was—was as different from the one presented to the world as light is from darkness. Do no blame her. She could not help it. The world and her own family saw in Mrs. Chattaway a weak, gentle, apathetic woman, who could not, or might not—at any rate, who did not—take upon herself even the ordinary authority of a family's head, a household's mistress. They little thought that that weak woman, remarkable for nothing but indifference, passed her days in inward distress, in care, in thought. The inherent timidity (it had existed in her mother) which had been her bane in the former days, was her bane still. She had not dared to rise up against her husband when the great injustice was inflicted upon Rupert Trevlyn; she did not dare openly to rise up now against the petty wrongs daily dealt out to him. There may have been a latent consciousness in her mind, whispering that if she did rise up, it would not alter things for the better, and it might make them worse for Rupert. Probably it would have been found so; that the non interference was for the best.

There were many things she could have wished done for Rupert, and she went so far as to hint at some of them to Mr. Chattaway. She wished he could be relieved entirely of going to Blackstone; she wished more indulgencies might be his at home; she wished he could be transported to a warmer climate. A bare suggestion of one or other of these things she dropped, once in a way, to Mr. Chattaway. They fell unheeded on his ear, as must be supposed, by their not being answered. He replied to her one; the hint of the warm climate—replied to it with a prolonged stare and a demand to know what romantic absurdity she could be thinking of. Mrs. Chattaway had never mentioned it again; in these cases of constitutional timidity of mind, a rebuff, let it be ever so slight, is sufficient to close the lips for ever. Poor lady! she would have sacrificed her own life to give peace and comfort to the unhappy Rupert. He was miserably put upon, he was treated with less consideration than were the servants, he was made to feel his dependent state daily and hourly by sundry petty annoyances; and yet she could not interfere openly to help him!

Even now, as she sat, watching the deepening shades of the coming night, she was dwelling on this; resenting it in her heart, for his sake. She could hear the sounds of merriment, down stairs, from her children and their visitors, and she felt sure that Rupert did not make one among them. Had she allowed her thoughts to range out as broadly as they might have done, they would have run, "was not allowed" to make one. It had long been the pleasure of Cris and Octave to exclude Rupert from the general society, the evening gatherings of the family, so far as they could exclude him; and, if through the presence of herself or of Miss Diana, they could not absolutely deny his entrance, they took care to treat him with cavalier indifference. She sat on, revolving these bitter thoughts in the gloom succeeding to the departed day, until roused by the entrance of an intruder.

It was Rupert himself. He approached Mrs. Chattaway, and she fondly threw her arm round him, and drew him down to a chair by her side. Only when they were alone could she show him these marks of affection, or prove to him that he did not stand in the world entirely isolated from all ties of love.

"Do you feel better to-night, Rupert?"

"Oh, I am a great deal better. I feel quite well. Why are you sitting by yourself in the dark, Aunt Edith?"

"It is not dark yet. What are they doing below, Rupert? I hear plenty of laughter."

"They are playing at some game, I think."

"At what?"

"I don't know. I was taking a place with them, but Octave, as usual, said they were enough without me; so I came away."

Mrs. Chattaway made no reply. She never spoke a reproachful word of her children to Rupert, whatever she might feel; she never, by so much as a breath, cast a reproach on her husband to living mortal. Rupert leaned his head on her shoulder, as if he were weary. Sufficient light was left to show how delicate were his features, how attractive was his face. The lovely countenance of his boyhood clung to him still, with the suspiciously bright cheeks and the silken hair. Whether in face or form, he looked anything but strong. Of middle height, he yet scarcely looked it; and his frame was slender and fragile and slightly stooping. There was a resemblance in his face to Mrs. Chattaway's, which was not surprising, for Joe Trevlyn and his sister Edith had been remarkably alike.

"Is Cris come in?" asked Mrs. Chattaway.

"Not yet."

Rupert rose as he spoke, and stretched himself. The verb *s'ennuyer* was one he often felt himself obliged to conjugate, in his evenings at Trevlyn Hold.

"I think I shall go down for an hour to Trevlyn farm."

Mrs. Chattaway started. She, as it seemed, shrank from the words.

"Not to-night, Rupert!"

"It is so dull at home, Aunt Edith."

"They are merry enough, down stairs."

"*They* are. But Octave takes care that I shall not be merry with them."

What could she answer to it?

"Well, then, Rupert, you will *be sure* to be home," she said, after a while. And the pained emphasis with which she spoke the words "be sure," no pen could express. Some meaning, understood by Rupert, was evidently conveyed by them.

"Yes," was all he answered; the tone of his voice telling of resentment, not disguised.

Mrs. Chattaway caught him to her, and hid her face upon his shoulder.

"For my sake, Rupert, darling! for my sake!"

"Yes, yes, dear Aunt Edith; I'll be sure to be in time," he reiterated. "I'll not forget the time, as I did the other night."

She stood at the window, and watched him away from the house and down the avenue, praying that he might *not* forget the time. It had pleased Mr. Chattaway, lately, to forbid Rupert's entrance to the house, unless he returned to it by half-past ten. That his motive for this was entirely that of ill-natured by crossing Rupert, there could be little doubt. Driven out by unkindness from the Hold, Rupert had taken to spend his evenings with George Ryle; sometimes at the houses of other friends; now and then he would invade old Canham's. Rupert's hour for coming in from these visits was about eleven; he generally had managed to be in by the time the clock struck; but the master of Trevlyn Hold suddenly issued a peremptory mandate that he must be in by half-past ten; failing strict obedience as to time, he was not to be let in at all. Rupert naturally resented it, and one or two unpleasant scenes had been the result. The like rule was not applied to Cris, who might come in any hour he pleased.

Mrs. Chattaway descended to the drawing-room. Two young ladies, the daughters of neighbors, were spending the evening there, and they were playing at proverbs with intense relish; Maude Trevlyn, the guests, and the Miss Chattaways. Octave alone joined in it listlessly, as if her thoughts were far away. Her restless glances towards the door seemed to say that she was watching for the entrance of one who did not come.

By-and-by Mr. Chattaway came home, and they sat down to supper. The dinner-hour at the Hold was generally early. Afterwards, the young ladies departed, and the younger children went to bed. Ten o'clock struck, and the time went on again.

"Where's Rupert?" Mr. Chattaway suddenly asked his wife.

"He went down to Trevlyn Farm, James," she said, unable, had it been to save her life, to speak without deprecation.

He gave no answer, by word or look, to his wife; but he rang the bell, and ordered the household to bed. Miss Diana Trevlyn was out upon a visit.

"Cris and Rupert are not in, papa," observed Octave, as she lighted her mamma's candle and her own.

Mr. Chattaway took out his watch.

"Twenty-five minutes past ten," he said, in his hard, impassive manner—a manner which imparted the idea that he was utterly destitute of sympathy for the whole human race. "Mr. Rupert must be quick, if he intends to come inside to-night. Give your mamma her bed-candle."

It may appear almost incredible that Mrs. Chattaway should meekly take her candle, and follow her daughter up the stairs, without remonstrance, when she would have given the world to sit up longer. She was getting quite in a fever on Rupert's account, and she would have wished to wait in that room until his ring was heard. But to set up her own will against her husband's was a thing she had never yet done; in small things as in great, she had bowed to his mandates without making the faintest shadow of resistance.

Octave wished her mamma good-night, went into her room, and closed the door. Mrs. Chattaway was turning into hers, when she saw Maude creeping down the upper stairs. She came noiselessly along the corridor, her face pale with agitation, her heart beating.

"Oh, Aunt Edith, what will be done?" she murmured. "It is half-past ten, and he is not home."

"Maude, my poor child, you can do nothing," was the whispered answer, the tone as full of pain as Maude's. "Go back to your room, dear; your uncle may be coming up."

The great clock in the hall struck the half-hour; its sound came booming up like a knell. Hot tears were dropping from the eyes of Maude.

"What will become of him, Aunt Edith? Where will he sleep?"

"Hush, Maude! Run back."

It was time for her to run; and Mrs. Chattaway spoke the words in a tone of startled terror. The heavy foot of the master of Trevlyn Hold was heard crossing the hall to ascend the stairs. Maude stole noiselessly back, and Mrs. Chattaway passed into her dressing-room.

She sat down on a chair, and pressed her hands upon her bosom, to still the beating. Her suspense and agitation were terrible. A sensitive, timid nature, such as Mrs. Chattaway's, feels emotion in a most painful degree. Every sense was strung to its utmost tension. She listened for Rupert's footfall outside; she waited with a sort of horror for the ringing of the house-bell that should announce his arrival, her whole frame feeling sick and faint.

At last one came running up the avenue at a fleet pace, and the echoes of the bell came resounding through the house.

She did not dare to defy her husband by going down to let him in, unless she had permission. She passed into the bed-room where Mr. Chattaway was undressing.

"Shall I go down and open the door, James?"

"No."

"It is only five minutes over the half-hour."

"Five minutes are the same in effect as five hours," answered Mr. Chattaway, taking off his waistcoat. "Unless he can be in

before the half-hour, *he does not come in at all.*"

"It may be Cris," she resumed.

"Nonsense! You know it is not Cris.—Cris has his latch-key."

Another alarming peal.

"He can see the light in my dressing-room," she urged, with parched lips. "Oh, James, let me go down."

"I tell you—No."

There was no appeal against it. She knew there might be none. But she clasped her hands together in agony, and gave utterance to the chief distress at her heart.

"Where will he sleep? Where can he go, if we deny him entrance?"

"Where he chooses. He does not come in here."

And Mrs. Chattaway went back to her dressing-room, and listened in despair to the continued appeals from the bell—appeals which she might not answer.

CHAPTER XVII.

OPINIONS DIFFER.

The nights were chilly in the early autumn, and a blazing fire burst in the drawing-room grate at Treviyn Farm. On a comfortable sofa, drawn close to it, sat Mrs. Ryle, a warm shawl thrown over her black silk gown—warm cushions of elder down heaped around her. A violent cold had made an invalid of her for some days past, but she was getting better. Her face was softened by a white cap of delicate lace; but its lines grew haughtier and firmer with her years. She wore well, and was handsome still.

Treviyn Farm had prospered. It was a lucky day for Mrs. Ryle when she decided upon her stepson's remaining on it. He had brought energy and good-will to bear on his work; he had brought a clear head and calm intelligence; and time had contributed judgment and experience. Mrs. Ryle knew that she could not have been better served than she had been by George, and she gradually grew to feel his value. Had they been really mother and son, they could not have been better friends. In the onset she was inclined to discountenance sundry ways and habits which George favored. He did not make himself into a *working* farmer, as his father had done, and as Mrs. Ryle deemed he ought to do. George objected. A man who worked on his own farm must necessarily give to it less of general supervision, he urged: were his hands engaged on one spot, his eyes could not be using themselves to advantage a mile or two off; and after all, it was but the cost of an additional day-laborer. His argument carried reason with it, and that keen farmer and active man, Farmer Apperley, who deemed idleness the greatest sin (next, perhaps, to going out hunting) that a young farmer could be guilty of, nodded his approval.—George did not put aside his books; his classics, and his studies in general literature: quite the contrary. In short, George Ryle appeared to be going in for a gentleman—as Cris Chattaway chose to term it—a great deal more than Mrs. Ryle considered would be profitable for him or for her. But George had held on his course, in a quiet, undemonstrative way; and Mrs. Ryle had at length fallen in with it. Perhaps she now saw its wisdom. That he was essentially a gentleman, in person as in manners, in mind as in conduct, she could but acknowledge, and she felt a pride in him which she had never thought to feel in any one, save Treve.

Could she feel pride in Treve? Not much, with all her partiality. Treviyn Ryle was not turning out in quite so satisfactory a manner as was desirable. There was nothing very objectionable to be urged against him; but Mrs. Ryle was accustomed to measure by a high standard of excellence; and of that Treve fell uncommonly short. She had not deemed it well that George Ryle should be too much of a gentleman, but she had determined to make Treviyn into one. Upon the completion of his school life, he was sent to Oxford. The cost of this might have been imprudently heavy for Mrs. Ryle's pocket, had she borne it unassisted; but Treviyn had gained a valuable scholarship at the Barmester Grammar School, where he had been educated, and this had rendered the additional cost light. Treve, once at Oxford, did not get on quite so fast as he might have done. Treve spent; Treve seemed to have plenty of wild oats to sow; Treve thought he should like a life of idleness better than one of farming. His mother had foolishly whispered to him the fond hope that he might some time be the squire of Treviyn Hold, and Treve reckoned upon its fulfillment more confidently than was good for him. Meanwhile, until the lucky chance befell which should give him the inheritance (though by what miracle the chance should fall was at present hidden in the womb of mystery,) Treve, upon the completion of his studies at college, was to assume the mastership of Treviyn Farm, in accordance with the plan originally fixed upon by Mrs. Ryle. He would not be altogether unqualified for this: he had been out and about on the farm since he was a child, and had seen how it should be worked. Whether he would give sufficient personal attention to it, was another matter.

Mrs. Ryle expressed herself as not being too confident of him—whether of his industry or qualifications she did not state. George had given one or two hints that when Treve came home for good, he must look out for something else; but Mrs. Ryle had waived away the hints as if they were unpleasant to her. Treve must be proved yet, what metal he was made of, before assuming the full management, she briefly said. And George suffered the subject to drop.

Treve had now but one more term to keep at the university. At the conclusion of the previous term he had not returned home: he remained on a visit to a friend, who had an appointment in one of the colleges. But Treve's demands for money became somewhat inconvenient to Mrs. Ryle, and she had begged George to pay Oxford a few days' visit, that he might see how Treve was really going on. George complied, and proceeded to Oxford, where he found Treve absent—as you heard him, in last week's paper, say to Maude Treviyn.

Mrs. Treviyn sat by the drawing-room fire, enveloped in her shawl, and leaning on her pillows. The thought of these things was bringing a severe look to her proud face. She had scarcely seen George since his return; had not exchanged more than ten words with him. But those ten words had not been of a cheering nature; and she feared things were not going on satisfactorily with Treve. With that severely hard look on her features, how wonderfully her face resembled that of her dead father!

Nora entered the room to replenish the fire. The evening was getting on, and it was growing dusk.

"Is George not in yet?" sharply asked Mrs. Ryle.

"Not yet. He won't be long now, I expect; but he has had a great deal to look to to-day."

She went out again, carrying the coal-scuttle, and met George in the front room.

"So you are come at last, George! The missis has been as impatient as can be. Twice she has rung to know whether you were not in, and now she has asked again."

"Is she up?" inquired George.

"She's up, and in the drawing-room. Shall I bring you in some tea, George? Ours was over ages ago."

"I'll take some supper presently, Nora. I am too hungry for tea."

"And who's faults that?" returned Nora, with a dash of her old quickness. "If you chose to snatch a bit of dinner standing, and never come in since, you must expect to be hungry."

He laughed pleasantly as he proceeded to the drawing-room. Mrs. Ryle looked eagerly up at his entrance.

"Are you better?" he asked, advancing to her, and bending down with a kindly smile. "It is a long while since you had a cold such as this."

"I shall be all right in a day or two," she answered. "Yesterday, I thought I was going to have a long bout of it, my chest was so sore. Sit down, George. What about Treve?"

"Treve was not at Oxford. He had gone up to London."

"You told me that much. What had he gone to London for?"

"A little change," Ferrars said. "He had been gone a week."

"A little change? In plain English, a little pleasure, I suppose. Call it which you will, it costs money, George."

George had seated himself opposite to her, his arm resting on the centre-table, and the red blaze of the fire lighting up his frank and pleasing face. In figure he was tall, slight, gentlemanly; his father, at his age, had been so before him.

"Why did you not follow him to London, George?" resumed Mrs. Ryle. "It would have been but a two hours' journey from Oxford. Not so much as that."

George turned his large, dark eyes upon her, some surprise in them.

"How was I to know where to look for him, if I had gone?"

"Could Mr. Ferrars not give you his address?"

"No. I asked him. Treve had not told him where he should stop. In fact, Ferrars did not think Treve knew where himself. Under those circumstances, my going to town might have been only a waste of time and money."

"I *wish* you could have seen Treve!"

"So do I. But I might have been looking for him a week without finding him, in a place like London. And the harvest was not all in at home, you know, mother."

"True. I suppose you were wanted here as well as there."

"I was. I am glad I came home last night."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Ryle. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"Not exactly wrong. But nothing seems to have advanced while I was away. However, I am home now."

There was a silence of some minutes.—Mrs. Ryle at length broke it by a monosyllable; and that was spoken hesitatingly, like one who does not care to speak further.

"George—"

"Yes," he answered, wondering that she did not continue.

"It is of no use your keeping anything from me. Has Treve contracted fresh debts at Oxford?"

"I fancy he has. A few."

"A 'few'—and you 'fancy' George, tell the truth. That you know he has, and that they are not a few."

"That he has, I believe to be true: I gathered so much from Perrars. But I do not think they are many; I do not indeed."

"Why did you not inquire? I would have gone to every shop in the town, but what I would have ascertained."

"Would it have been a proper thing for me to do?" he quietly rejoined.

"Yes," decisively replied Mrs. Ryle.

George shook his head.

"Treve would not have thanked me for it."

"If he is contracting more debts, who is to pay them, George?"

George was silent.

"When shall we be clear of Chattaway?" she resumed. "When will the last payment be due?"

"In a month or two's time. Principal and interest will all be paid off then."

"It will take all our exertions to get the sum up."

"It will be got up, mother. It shall be."

"Yes; I don't doubt it. But it will not be got up, George, if a portion is to be taken from it for Treve."

George knitted his brow. He was falling into thought.

"I *must* get rid of Chattaway," she resumed. "He has been weighing us down all these years like an incubus; and now that the emancipation has nearly come, were anything to frustrate it, I should—I should —George, I think I should go mad."

"I hope and trust nothing will frustrate it," answered George. "I am more anxious to get rid of Chattaway than, I think, even you can be. As to Treve, his debts must wait."

"But it would be more desirable that he should not contract them," observed Mrs. Ryle.

"Of course. But how are we to prevent his contracting them?"

"He ought to prevent himself. *You* did not contract these miserable debts, George."

"I!" he rejoined, in surprise. "I had no opportunity of doing it. Work and responsibility were thrown upon me before I was old enough to think of pleasure: and they served to keep me steady."

"You were not naturally inclined to spend, George."

"There's no knowing what I might have acquired an inclination for, had I been sent out into the world, as Treve has," he rejoined.

"It was necessary that Treve should go to the university," said Mrs. Ryle, quite sharply.

"I am not saying that it was not," George answered, quietly. "It was right that he should go, as you wished it."

"George, I shall live—I hope I shall live —I pray that I may live—to see Treviyn the lawful possessor of Treviyn Hold! A gentleman's education was therefore essential to him: hence I sent him to Oxford."

George made no reply. Mrs. Ryle felt chafed at it.

"It does not need your silence to remind me that you have never looked upon the measure with approbation," she observed. "You did not go to college, and you are displeased, naturally, that your brother should have been sent there."

"Stay, mother," he quietly said. "You are mistaken. I have never felt displeased or aggrieved in the remotest degree at Treve's having gone to Oxford. I am glad that he should have gone."

"Can you tell me that you heartily approve of my policy with regard to Treve?—Speak out. I have felt sure at times that you do not."

"Not with one part of it," he honestly answered. "But if I mention it you will be angry."

"You must mention it now. As to my being angry, George, I will remember that you have a right to your own opinion. I will remember another thing," she added, in a more conciliatory tone—"that your opinions are generally based on sound judgment."

"What I think wrong—I mean unwise," hastily added George, correcting himself, feeling possibly that he had no right to apply the word "wrong" to anything his mother chose to do—"is, your having led Treve to build hopes upon the succession to Treviyn Hold."

"Why?" she haughtily asked. "He will come into it."

"I do not see how," quietly remarked George.

"He has far more right to it than he who is looked upon as its successor—Cris Chattaway," she said, with flashing eyes. "You know that."

George could have answered that neither of them had a right to it, in fair justice, while Rupert Treviyn lived; but Rupert and his claims had been so completely ignored by Mrs. Ryle, as by others, that his urging them would have been waived away as idle talk. Mrs. Ryle resumed, her voice unsteady in its tones. It was most rare that she suffered herself to speak of these past grievances; but when she did, her vehemence amounted to agitation.

"When my boy was born, the news that Joe Treviyn's health was failing had come home to us. Maude was then but a baby of a week or two; a girl. I knew the squire would never leave the property to a girl, and I looked then for my son to inherit it. Was it not natural that I should?—was it not his right?—I was the squire's eldest daughter. I had him named Treviyn; I wrote a note to my father, saying that he would not now be at fault for a male heir, in the event of poor Joe's not leaving one—"

"He did leave one," interrupted George, speaking probably in impulsive thoughtlessness.

"Be still. Rupert's succession was barred by my father's will. Through deceit practised on him, I grant you: but I had no hand in it. I named my boy Treviyn; I regarded him as the certain heir; and when the squire died and his will was opened, it was found that he had bequeathed all to Chattaway. If you think I have ever once faltered since in my hope—my *resolve*—to see Treviyn some time displace the Chattaways, George, you do not know much of human nature."

"Granted what you say," replied George; "that Treviyn has more just right to it than Cris Chattaway. But has it ever occurred to you to ask, *how* Cris is to be displaced?"

Mrs. Ryle did not answer. She sat beating her foot upon the ottoman, as one whose mind is not at ease.

George continued—

"It appears to me to be the wildest possible fallacy, the bare idea of Treviyn's being able to displace Cris Chattaway in the succession. If we lived in the barbarous ages, when inheritances were wrested away from their possessors by force of arms; when the turn of a battle decided the ownership of a castle, then there might be a chance of Treviyn Hold being taken from Cris Chattaway. As it is, there is none. There is not the faintest shadow of a chance that it can go to any beside Cris. Failing his death—and he is strong and hearty—he *must* succeed. Why, even were Rupert—forgive my alluding to him again—to urge *his* claims, there would be no hope for him. Mr. Chattaway holds the estate by the sure tenure of legality, and his son cannot be displaced by any extraneous efforts of others from succeeding to it after him."

Her foot beat the velvet more impatiently, a heavier line settled on her brow. Often and often had the very arguments now put into words by her step son, brought their weight to her aching brain. George spoke again.

"And therefore, the very improbability—I may almost say the impossibility—of Treve's ever succeeding to Treviyn Hold, renders it unwise that he should have been taught to build upon it. Far better, mother, that the contingency had never been so much as whispered to him."

"Why do you look at it in this unfavorable light?" she burst forth.

"Because it is the correct light," answered George. "The property is Mr. Chattaway's —legally his, and it cannot be taken from him. It will be Cris's after him."

"Cris may die," said Mrs. Ryle; her sharpness of tone proving that she was vexed at having no better argument to urge. George replied to it,

"And if he were? If Cris died to-morrow, Treve would be no nearer the succession. Chattaway has daughters, and he would will it to each of them in rotation, rather than leave it to Treve. He can will it away as he pleases. It was left to him absolutely."

Mrs. Ryle lifted her hands.

"My father was mad when he made such a will in favor of Chattaway! He could have been nothing less. I have thought so many times."

"But it was made, and it cannot now be altered. Will you pardon me for saying that it would have been better had you accepted the state of affairs, and endeavored to reconcile yourself to them."

"It would have been *better!*"

"Yes;" he decisively reiterated. "The rebelling against what cannot be remedied never brings anything but dissatisfaction. I would a great deal rather see Treve succeed to Treviyn Hold than see Cris Chattaway come into it; but I know that Treve never will come into it; that there's not the remotest shadow of a chance for him; and, therefore, it is a great pity that he has been led to think of it. He might have shown himself more ready to settle down to steadiness, had he never become possessed with the notion that he might some time supersede Cris Chattaway."

"He *shall* supersede him, George. He—"

The door opened to admit a visitor, and Mrs. Ryle could not finish her sentence. For he who entered was Rupert Treviyn. Ignore his dormant claims as she would, Mrs. Ryle felt that it would be scarcely seemly to discuss before him Treve's chance of succession to Treviyn Hold. She had in truth completely put out of her mind all thought of the claims of Rupert. He had been deprived of his right by Squire Treviyn's will, and there was an end to it. Mrs. Ryle rather liked Rupert; or, it may be better to say, she did not *dislike* him; really to like any one save Treve, was not in her nature. She liked Rupert in a cold negative sort of way, but she would not have helped him to his inheritance by the lifting of a finger. In the event of her possessing no son to be jealously covetous for, she might have taken up the wrongs of Rupert. There's no telling—just to thwart Chattaway.

"Why, Rupert," said George, rising, and cordially taking his hand, "I heard you were ill again. Maude told me so to-day."

"I am better, to-night, George. Aunt Ryle, they said you were in bed."

"I am better too, Rupert," she answered. "What has been the matter with you?"

"Oh, it was my chest again," said Rupert, pushing the waving hair from his bright and delicate face. "I could hardly breathe this morning."

"Ought you to have come out to-night?"

"I don't think it matters," carelessly answered Rupert. "For all I can, I am as well when I go out as when I don't. There's not much to stop in for, there."

He edged himself closer in to the hearth with a slight shiver. He was painfully susceptive to the feeling of cold. George took the poker and stirred the fire, and the blaze went flickering aloft, playing on the familiar objects of the handsome room, lighting up the slender figure, the well-formed features, the large, blue eyes of Rupert, and bringing out to view all the suspicious signs of latent constitutional delicacy. The transparent fairness of complexion, and the rich bloom of the cheeks might alike have whispered a warning.

"Octave thought you were going up there to-night, George?"

"Did she?"

"The two Beecroft girls are there, and they turned me out of the drawing-room. Octave told me 'I wasn't wanted.' Will you play at chess to-night, George?"

"If you like; when I have had my supper."

"I must be home by half-past ten, you know. Not that I should so much care for *his* orders," resentfully added Rupert, "but I promised Aunt Edith. He's a spiteful, ill-natured, paltry—"

"What would be the consequences if you stayed out beyond the time?" interposed Mrs. Ryle, who, it must be confessed, invariably gave encouragement to Rupert's complaints of Chattaway.

"I don't know; and I don't much care. He'd not horsewhip me I suppose, as he did when I was a boy. I was a minute over the half hour the other night, and one of the servants opened the door for me. Chattaway pretty nearly rose the roof off, he was so angry; but he could not decently turn me out again."

"Better be home to time," was the quiet advice of George. "Chattaway's a martinet in his own house, and anybody opposing him would only get the worst of it. Don't try it, Rupert."

"I don't try it intentionally," answered Rupert. "But I have no watch, and time slips on quickly. It is a hard case that I am to be denied admittance if I happen to ring just past half-past ten, instead of just before it."

"Yes, it is," said Mrs. Ryle. "But as you know the rule, you need not break it, Chattaway is master for the time being of Treviyn Hold. Not squire; never squire"—she broke off, straying abruptly from her subject, and as abruptly resuming it. "When I make a rule in this house, Rupert Treviyn, I *never permit it to be broken.*"

A valuable hint, if Rupert had but taken it for his guidance. He meant well; he never meant, for all his light and careless speaking, to be disobedient to Mr. Chattaway's mandate as to the time of his returning. And yet the disobedience happened that very night!

Engaged at chess with George—a recreation George did not allow himself frequently to enjoy, for his evenings were much occupied—the time, as Rupert had remarked time would do, "slipped on." It was drawing near to half-past ten, and they were in the middle of a game, when George, happening to cast his eyes to the mantelpiece, directed Rupert's attention to the time-piece.

"We can't finish it, Rupert. You must run."

Rupert looked blank for a minute or two, but thought it better that he should run. He really had no intention of boarding Chattaway. He said a hasty good-night, snatched his hat, tore through the entrance-room at a pace to frighten Nora, and made the best speed his lungs allowed him to Treviyn Hold. His heart was beating, his breath was panting as he gained it, and he rang that peal at the bell which had sent its echoes through the house; through the trembling frame, the weak heart of Mrs. Chattaway.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ATTACK ON CHARLESTON.

NEW YORK, April 13.—The New York Times has issued an extra containing the particulars of the attack on Charleston and furnished by the special correspondent of that paper, who arrived in this city this morning.

He says "The trial was decisive. The ordeal of the two hours served to prove that the defensive powers of the iron fleet are sufficient to with tand the terrible force of the offensive engimery of the works it had to assail; while the limitations of the off-nsive powers of the iron-clads took away all the advantage.

"The result of the reconnoissance proves the utter insufficiency of the iron-clad fleet to take Charleston without assistance."

The Navant, Passaic, and Nantucket were more or less injured. The other Monitors were not disabled. A letter from on board the New Ironsides says, that the Monitors were in her way, and that her officers believe she can lay near the forts, and batter them down herself.

> Lord of Truth and Life immortal!
> Draw us to that shining way;
> Lift for us the narrow portal;
> Hold us ever, lest we stray.
> Give us hearts to scorn all pleasure
> That would tempt our step aside;
> Be Thy smile our single treasure,
> And Thy blessed voice our guide.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

CHARLESTON.

As we write this article, it may be that the great contest for the possession of Charleston has been fought and won—or fought and lost. Doubtless the Union forces would endeavor to capture that famous stronghold of the rebels—or at least Fort Sumter—by the anniversary of its capture, two years ago, the 13th of April. Any moment now the news may reach us of success or failure, and we may be able to announce it to our readers in the present number of THE POST.

It is no slight work, that of the capture of Charleston, defended as that city is by numerous forts, probably 20,000 men, several iron-clad rams, and about 300 heavy cannon. Beauregard is a good engineer, and doubtless all that military art could do has been done in the way of rendering the defences impregnable. But impregnability is merely a relative term. Never was the town that could not be taken, by assault or by siege, if the investing forces were strong enough to completely isolate it from all aid. Whether Charleston can be taken from the sea, unaided by a land attack, is probably now first to be tested. A test which will also serve in some degree to enlighten us as to the comparative prowess of forts and iron-clads. If it cannot be done, we suppose we shall have to wait until the army of the Rappahannock, or at least a considerable portion of it, shall be able to co-operate with the fleet of Admiral Dupont.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

A correspondent wishes to know why the first of April is called "All Fools' Day." The books give no information upon this point—all the information they contain may be summed up in the single sentence, that the custom of giving up one day, or period, in the year to similar observances, reaches back into those dim regions of history which are generally considered fabulous. Our own private opinion is, that the first of April is the anniversary of that famous day on which the serpent fooled our mother Eve so prodigiously, and that it has been kept from the time of Adam down.

WHO ARE THEY?

A correspondent of one of our daily papers speaks of "the few *honest and disinterested* representatives from the city," in the Legislature of this state. We should like to have the names of these gentlemen. We have heard it rumored that the whole party, without a single exception, are members of what is technically called "The ring;" but if there is even one who is "honest and disinterested," it would be a pleasure to publish his name.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and C. A. DANA. Vol. V. to Zwinner, with a Supplement. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by J. K. Simon, 33 South 6th street, Philadelphia.

The publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., have invested $415,000 in this great literary venture. The amount paid to contributors and for making the stereotype plates, up to December 1st, was $142,700. The other expenses, on 217,550 volumes printed, of the first fifteen volumes, were:—for paper, $111,500; printing, $17,500; bind-

ing, $110,000; advertising, circulars, &c., $30,000. Add to this the cost of paper, printing, and binding 10,000 copies of volume sixteen, $10,000, and an item denominated "sundries," $1,000, and we have a grand total of $415,000.

THE GENTLE SKEPTIC; or, Essays and Conversations of a Country Justice on the Authenticity and Truthfulness of the Old Testament Records. Edited by Rev. C. WALWORTH. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

THE PENTATEUCH and BOOK OF JOSHUA, critically examined by the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D. D., Bishop of Natal. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

THE PIONEER BOY, AND HOW HE BECAME PRESIDENT. By W. M. Thayer, author of "The Bobbin Boy," &c. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Philadelphia.

THE RESULTS OF SLAVERY. By AUGUSTIN COCHIN, Ex-Maire of Paris. Work Crowned by the Institute of France. Translated by MARY L. BOOTH. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

FROM THE REBEL CAPITAL.

LETTER FROM THE HON. MRS. F.——
MRS JEFFERSON DAVIS AND HOW SHE DRESSES—PRICE OF FOOD.

MURFREESBORO', TENN., April 4, 1863.—A few days ago one Mrs. Fulgum, from Richmond, Virginia, was arrested at the outposts, and a number of letters for rebels in Nashville were taken from her person. One was from the wife of a notorious ex-member of Congress of the United States, and a member of the present Confederate Congress.

RICHMOND, VA., Friday, Feb. 6, 1863.—My dear Anna:—I have an opportunity offered this morning for conveying a letter to you, and embrace it gladly. * * * My little boy is named "Malvern." His papa called him after the battle-ground of Malvern Hill, where our braves fought so nobly. He begins to play, and tries to talk. He spits at the *Yankee pictures*, and makes wry faces at Old Abe's picture. He is a great boy, and the best and prettiest baby I ever saw. He is much petted by the members of Congress who know him. Mr. F—— is very much engaged in the "House" during the day. * * * We are boarding at Mrs. Johnson's, on Governor street, just opposite Gov. Letcher's mansion. It is a large boarding-house, *high prices and starvation within*. Such living never was known before on earth.

Tell grandma the poorest hut in the Western District of Tennessee is a palace compared with this, so far as fare goes. We have to cook almost everything we eat in our own room. In our "larder" the stock on hand is a boiled bacon ham, which we gave only eleven dollars for; three pounds of pure Rio coffee, we gave four dollars per pound for; and one pound of green tea at seventeen dollars per pound; two pounds of brown sugar, at two dollars and seventy-five cents per pound; one bushel of *fine* apples, about the size of a good common marble, which were presented to me by a member of Congress from Missouri; one pound of butter, about six months old, at two dollars per pound, and six sweet potatoes at fifty cents. We have to give a dollar for a very small slice of pound-cake at the confectioneries.

Well, so much for the way we live. You see the board is three dollars each, per day for Mr. F.——— and I, and half price for the servant, and then we get *nothing on earth to eat*. Yesterday, for dinner, we had nothing on the table but two eggs and a slice of cold baker's bread and a glass of water. Well, lines, such as we gave one dollar for at home, when I left, sells here at six dollars, and the commonest domestic two dollars, calico two or three dollars per yard, of the most indifferent kind. You may well believe I get but little. Richmond is strictly a Jewish city—all making fortunes out of the war, and having *less sympathy* for our dear old Tennessee, and Nashville, in particular, than some Yankees have; for they have learned to respect us, whereas these Virginians are the most horribly envious creatures that ever called themselves men.

The women are far below the standard of Nashville ladies, either in elegance or refinement. There is seldom a lady seen who shows the gift of high-born gentility here. Such have generally abandoned this city and retired to the country, or keep recluse, so that the mongrel race reign supreme on the street and all the more frequented parts of the city.

Mrs. Jeff. Davis is not pretty, but a fine-looking woman; dresses badly, in no taste. She is not much liked here, and is said to control "Jeffie," as she calls her husband. She has several children. She takes but little notice of them. They go about with their clothes tossed on in any and every style. She has the public affairs to attend to.

The President looks care worn and troubled. He is very thin, and looks feeble and bent. He prays aloud in church, and is a devout Episcopalian.

By the arrival at New York of the steamship Africa, from Liverpool, we have three days later news from Europe. Rumors are afloat in London that the U. S. Government intended laying an embargo on British ships and merchandise, as a retaliation for the depredations of the Alabama, and that this embargo will be enforced without any declaration of war against England. The rebel loan has declined in London.

☞ At a recent fancy dress ball in Portland, Me., an editor appeared in good go-to-meeting clothes. The disguise was so complete that his best friends failed to recognize him.

☞ Luncheon, says Thackeray, is base ingratitude to breakfast, and premeditated insult to dinner.

☞ Works on *buy-log-raphy* sell best in Cincinnati and Chicago.

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. JANE G. SWISSHELM.

March has gone on in the march of time, and as she marched out a great snow-storm marched into Washington, covered up the mud, and held out to approaching April the promise of an older down mantle to wrap her shivering shoulders; but if Madam April counted aught upon the proffered gift she was badly "fooled," for before she arrived to claim it, a soft rain had carried it far beyond her reach.

Through this rain on Tuesday evening the people of Washington, or rather it is hinted, the sojourners in Washington, assembled at the National capitol to the number of many thousands to testify their devotion to the Government our fathers formed. The meeting was advertised for five o'clock, and at four all the front seats in the gallery of the Hall of Representatives were occupied by expectant, eager faces. The seats back kept filling, filling, until every square foot of space appeared to have its outlooking pair of eyes peering forth over the condensed mass of those circular gridirons, done up in mule loads of drygoods, which form the grand work of all displays of human faces, milliners' productions, hatters' handiworks, and laundresses' skill in getting up of standing collars and snowy shirt-bosoms, as these are now exhibited in all public places. There were a pair of captain's shoulder-straps and a black moustache, looking valiantly up from a bed of brown silk, *ornamented* with blue flounces edged with crimson; beside them a woman's face, careworn and anxious, surmounted by a four storied bonnet of black velvet, around which a long, straggling white feather wound itself, hiding its head under the falling crown as though ashamed of its naked spinal column, which looked in vain for a covering such as it and its companions had afforded each other when decorating that ostrich on which it originally grew.

On the other side of the dismal white feather, with its accompanying blue roses, of the dimensions of a medium Minnesota turnip, sprouted up a masculine bust, surmounted by a standing shock of red hair; but, which of the three faces which there stood "tit, tat, toe; all in a row," did most properly belong to the bed of brown silk, with its borderings of red and blue, casual observation gave no means of determining. So it was, all around, row after row of faces, all claiming squatter rights for pedal extremities under the common covering of shapeless masses of bedraggled silk and muslin. Seeing them as they sat, and knowing no more, one would have been at a loss to determine which half or third of the audience had carried in and then supported this hanging garden, in which these thousands of human heads were planted, if the weary and wo-begone look of the faces under the bonnets had not betrayed them as those of the manual laborers of society.

A Chippewa squaw, when her family moves to a new hunting-ground, carries the tupu, furniture, provisions, papooses and puppies, but she has them done up in a compact bundle and placed on her head, or strapped on her shoulders. The parcel seldom weighs three hundred pounds. She manages to get along with it at a good pace, and she and her admirers agree in considering it a womanly and becoming appendage. Still, she grows old faster than her masculine mate. She has not his elasticity of step, but acquires a plodding gait. Her face gets anxious and haggard; and a close observer may learn to recognize the sexes by the weary expression of the feminine face, as well as by the larger, coarser hands and feet, and often the brawnier shoulders which distinguish her from her warrior master. Thus it is known that her burden wears her, even when carried in the easiest manner; but how would she get along if she got into the middle of the tupu, stuck her head and shoulders up through the centre, fastened the cover around her waist, and dragged it from place to place, the entire weight falling upon that part of the body in which the vital organs are located and left unprotected by bones, save the spinal column?

If she carried her load with little if any aid from her shoulders, her life journey would soon be over. Let any anatomist fancy a horse hitched to a carriage by a collar fastened around his loins, and strong ligaments compressing his ribs to hinder the little aid the muscles of the sides might give in throwing the burden forward upon the shoulders, and he has a correct idea of the disadvantage at which civilized women carry the tupus that furnish shelter and concealment to all of the human form, save the bust, in all public assemblies. He may likewise realize the impracticability of orators like Gov. Johnson, of Tenn., who on this occasion spent half an hour exhorting the women of this day to imitate the spartan matrons who sent husbands, sons, and brothers forth to die for their country. Let any one take a look at the statue of a Grecian female in those old times, and compare it with a walking specimen of a woman today, and he must see that to expect any similarity of action is simply absurd.

If the Spartan mother who taught her son the *short* sword, that he might have to go a step nearer the enemy, had gone a shopping that morning, carrying sufficient clothing to keep her comfortable and answer all the purposes of decency and delicacy, and outside of this a steel gridiron a yard and a quarter long and four yards in circumference weighing several pounds; and, outside of this again, the fifty or sixty yards of drygoods necessary to conceal the bars and give the proper flow to her motions; had the continual springing motion of every one of all the thirty or forty independent and elastic bars while she was in motion, been twisting and screwing at her spine, making her feel the oversight of the Creator in not having set her waist into a swivel socket, or given her a perfect, pivot joint in the middle of the spinal column; had she dragged the springy, swaying mass through the narrow doors of street cars, through crowded passage ways, pulled our stools, boxes and chairs, swept two or three miles of store floors and pavements, and all without aid from shoulders or arms, she would have concluded, before evening, that her son had better stay at home and take care of his poor mother—would have thought it monstrous for any one to expect her, in her miserable health, to give up her only son.

No class of women ever were better fitted, spiritually, to enact the patriot than the American women of to-day—the women of the loyal states; but as the forms of society throw upon them the burden of all domestic cares and drudgery, and fashion has loaded them down with mule loads of drygoods, their vital energies are all expended in the necessary effort to live from day to day. The full heart throb and free muscle which were the groundwork of Spartan heroism, could not live a week under the combined influence of the domestic cares and drapery of an American woman.

In the address referred to, of Gov. Johnson, he spoke of the women of the South as the soul of the rebellion, and contrasted their enthusiasm with the comparative lukewarmness of Northern women.

Did he see no significance in the toil and struggle with which the women before him dragged those masses of swaying, springing tupus, through the narrow aisles and passages, through the dense crowd of human limbs and horizontal steel bars, and the expression of weariness with which they crowded, and lifted, and stuffed, and settled themselves into arm chairs? Would he expect soldiers who had dragged their unfurled tents by their waistbands until ready to sink with exhaustion, to storm a battery like troops fresh and fit for duty?

Southern women have had no manual labor to perform, i. e. those of them who give impetus to this war. Living comparatively isolated, and in habits of command, they have more individuality and are less the slaves of any fashion than are Northern women. Their dress tastes have been more formed on classic models, and every seam in the waist of a Southern woman's dress must have a curve in it. She will not be suited with any outline in the fit of a boddice, two inches of which could be drawn with a rule. This is the secret of what travellers call "voluptuous" Southern forms. Care is taken to preserve the natural outline, and even when subjected to considerable compression, as in the case of English women, the relative proportions of the parts are carefully preserved.

The flattened bust and straight-edged line from the armpit to the waist, which are so carefully cultivated by Northern women, even while stuffing masses of cotton around the region of the collar bone, are unknown in the sunny part of our land; consequently the blood can circulate, and the skirts can be supported on the shoulders, as they cannot be when one point of compression, around the waist, paralyzes the muscles and impedes the circulation.

Thus, Southern women can carry drapery with less fatigue than those of the North, even if they had other labor to perform; but as their time is principally spent in riding and resting, they give their vital energies to aiding the political plans and ambitious views of fathers, husbands, and brothers.

Hating Northern society as the South does for its different organization, rebellion may be their idea of patriotism, and into this idea the women have strength and leisure to enter, heart and hand; while Northern women, weighed down with domestic labor and swaying pyramids of cloth and steel, must find their mental convictions hindered in action by lack of vital force. So Gov. Johnson need not have addressed himself to the *spirit* of his lady hearers. That already is willing. It is the *flesh* that is weak.

After an hour and a half of packing, packing, such gentlemen as got seats were safely stowed away under many-colored masses of horizontal stripes and flounces; the others were set up, perpendicular, like eggs on the small end; and it began to grow dark, when suddenly, the sun—was it? flashed a soft mellow light down over the immense audience.

The uninitiated looked up in wonder, thinking the sun already down and expecting gas to take its place. They are quietly told that the gas is in. When or where is the mystery? From the gallery nothing is seen but the soft, rich light falling on the crowd below, and leaving the corners on either hand in a rather heavier shadow than at mid day.

No jet of flame, no chandelier, no globes of light. The whole centre part of the ceiling is one immense window, with heavy and highly-ornamented beams crossing each other at right angles like window sash. Each space is occupied by a large, square pane of colored glass—every one representing the coat of arms of one of the states. Down through this window comes the sunlight through the day; and, down through it, comes the gas light at night. To realize that it is gas light is difficult, or that it is anything but the warm, rich light of a summer sunset.

To have orators stand and tell you that they "came here this night" to do or say thus and so, appears a burlesque, and one asks oneself "*what night?*"

After the light came the Mayor, for the meeting was organized and he called to the chair. He made a patriotic speech and prayers were said, when the Marine Band, which occupied the reporter's gallery, struck up Hail Columbia, and the audience simultaneously arose and greeted the familiar air with waving of kerchiefs and shouts of applause. These who were struggling to get in at the packed doorways thought the President and Cabinet had arrived, and struggled all the more fiercely. So, between the band and the people in the aisles, it was difficult to tell who had the floor.

A series of resolutions were read endorsing the Administration and the war. These were rapturously cheered, especially at the stronger and more radical points. Then a speaker took the stand, a tall gentleman who was very forcibly impressed, and impressed his audience very forcibly with the facts that he was a Kentuckian, and—loyal to this Government.

It was a little difficult to understand why these two facts should have been iterated and reiterated as though incongruous, and why the happy meeting in one individual of two such important titles to distinction should be so vociferously cheered; but when we learned that the gentleman holds an office here, and draws three thousand dollars a year from the Government to which he still continues to be loyal, and that his son has a place at fourteen hundred, one feels that his loyalty may be praiseworthy and fully deserving of some special mark of approbation. That an office holder should fail to be perjured is complimentary to his natural integrity, but the speaker may possibly conclude, on reflection, that the inference he so plainly drew with regard to his native state and the applause it illicited were rather a doubtful compliment to Kentucky. But all men, even orators, are liable to blunder sometimes.

Near the close of his address, a stir indicated that something was about to happen.

More chairs were brought in, and the packing was densified as the interest was intensified. Half-a-dozen vacant seats were placed in front of the Speaker's desk; and the President, his little son, and Cabinet walked in, as the Band played the President's March, and were seated while the audience stood to receive them with deafening din of cheers, stamping, clapping, and waving of handkerchiefs.

Commodore Foote was welcomed to the stand with a similar outburst; but his speech was nothing uncommon except for brevity. He is a small man, very lame, short-necked, stiff in his manner, would certainly be a miserable diplomat, and does not appear to be good for much except trusting the Lord, keeping his powder dry, and making the best possible use of it when occasion offers.

Hon. Horace Maynard, the next orator, is tall, exceedingly graceful and gentlemanly in manner. He is hollow-chested, with the appearance of a consumptive, has a fine voice, not strong but with rich intonations, and clear, distinct utterance. He has long, straight black hair, and an Indian cast of features, and is said to be partly of Indian extraction. His speech was a comparison between Monarchy and Republicanism, and was polished and eloquent, devoid of personalities, and freighted with rich thoughts.

Chief Justice Carter, of the District, kept the audience in a tumult of applause for fifteen minutes, with his happy hits and genial humor, and then, Gov. Andrew Johnson, of Tenn., the orator of the evening, took the stand and kept the multitude in high, good humor for an hour and-a-half.

During all this time there was a good opportunity to watch our citizen Ruler, the man who wields more power to-day than any King or Emperor on earth. As he sat quietly amid the audience, pale and thin, he looked anything but formidable. His plain, black suit was barely respectable; and not a sign of ornament or even snowy linen was discernible as he sat buried in his arm-chair, generally with his head resting on his hand; but in the course of the evening the personal vanity of the man became apparent, in an enormous jewel on his breast. This was the head of a little boy, who had grown dreadfully tired of the long speeches, and who went from one friend to another, whispering, seeking to be caressed, and evidently inquiring when he *would* be done and they could go home.

Ever and anon he returned to father, climbed on his knee and nestled his head down on his bosom as if trying, desperately, to be quiet. As the long, thin hand spread out over the dark locks of the little restless head, and the careworn face bent over to rest the chin on the upturned brow, one forgave the man if away down in his heart he were vain of the jewel he held so tenderly. It was a pleasant sight to see the unostentatious entrance, the quiet demeanor, the paternal affection of the nation's head—a sight calculated to renew one's faulty to that form of Government so simple in its forms, so paternal in its nature. That it may long be preserved as the hope of the oppressed of all lands must be the prayer of all well ordered souls, even among the weak sisters whose strength is all wasted in carrying tupus under which all mankind may take shelter from the public gaze.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE question which has recently been raised as to the legal tender clause of the Currency act is now settled. The Supreme Court of the Northern District of this state, all four judges concurring, has affirmed the constitutionality of the act of Congress making the national currency a legal tender for all debts, both those contracted before and after the passage of the law.

THE NEXT HOUSE.—The elections held for the next House of Representatives so far, give the Republicans 56 and the Democrats 74—Vermont, 3; West Virginia, 3; California, 3; Maryland, 5, Kentucky, 9; and Missouri, 1 (vacancy), yet to elect.

THE PAYMENT OF THE TROOPS.—Thirty-two millions of dollars have been sent to the various armies for the payment of the troops. Twenty-one millions are yet due, of which fourteen millions for the army of the Potomac are expected to be disbursed this week. A portion of the money now being paid out to the army consists of new legal-tender notes issued under the joint resolution authorising an additional hundred millions. The Secretary of the Treasury, it is said, will make every effort to meet his payments without issuing any of the legal-tender notes authorized under the nine hundred million act.

AT St. Germain, recently, died Mr. Edward Hughes Ball Hughes, who long resided in that suburban retreat. In the days of George IV., Ball Hughes—or Golden Ball, as he was called—was one of the leading dandies of a period which immediately followed that of Beau Brummell. Ball Hughes figured in the best society of London, among whom his fortune and favorable personal appearance made him a welcome guest. One evening at the Italian opera the audience were disappointed at the non-appearance of the celebrated dancer of the day, M'dlle Mercandotti, who had unexpectedly become the wife of Ball Hughes. They departed for the continent, and from that time the Golden Ball was heard of no more in the circles of fashion in London.

☞ A cockney says that water makes a great transformation in cloth. Take, say a piece of linen, and soak it thoroughly, and it will be *well-wet* (velvet).

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

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☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis.

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LATEST NEWS.

LATEST FROM CHARLESTON.

THE FIGHT AT FORT SUMTER.

THE KEOKUK SUNK.

WASHINGTON April 13—The steamer Flambeau arrived here this afternoon, with Lieutenant Commander Rhind as bearer of despatches from Admiral Dupont to the Government.

The reports from the several commanders had not been received up to the time of the departure of the Flambeau—namely, Wednesday night.

From other than official sources, it is ascertained that the vessels composing the fleet advanced upon Charleston on the 7th in the following order:

The Weehawken, Capt. John Rodgers; the Passaic, Capt. Drayton; the Montauk, Capt. Worden, the Patapsco, Capt. Ammen; the Ironsides, Captain Rogers; Commander Turner, with Admiral Dupont and his staff on board. Next followed the Catskill, Capt. George Rodgers; Nantucket, Cap. Fairfax; Nahant, Capt. Downs; Keokuk, Capt. Rhind.

In this order they proceeded up the main channel, arriving within 1,700 yards of the main forts. The Ironsides became unmanageable, owing to the tide and the narrowness of the channel, and she was, therefore, obliged to drop anchor to prevent drifting ashore. Owing to these circumstances, she signalled her consorts to disregard her motions.

The remainder of the squadron continued on its course, and soon came within the range of the rebel fire from all points. The obstructions in the channel from Sumter to Fort Moultrie interfered with the progress of our ships. In consequence of this and the position of the Ironsides, they stood to the plan of operations for the battle was deranged, and the space for manœuvring being only from 600 to 1,000 yards, the vessels were obliged to prepare and at once engage the forts and the adjacent batteries.

The signal had been made for action at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon by the Ironsides, but the rebels had previously opened fire upon the leading vessels. The contest is represented as in the highest degree exciting, presenting a fearful scene of fire belching from all points on the water and the land, a continuous roar of cannon.

In the course of thirty minutes the Keokuk was in a sinking condition, and was obliged to withdraw from the fire, and seek an anchorage below the range of the enemy's fire. A few minutes afterward all the vessels withdrew, on a signal from the flagship, it being deemed impracticable to continue further hostilities. The Keokuk was within five hundred or six hundred yards of Sumter, and was completely riddled, being struck from all the batteries within range at least ninety times in thirty minutes. The shot was from rifled cannon of the heaviest calibre. Captain Rhind, her commander, received a contusion on the leg, from a flying fragment of his vessel, which only slightly lamed him. Twelve of the men were wounded, together with Acting Ensign Mackintosh, who had charge of one of the guns. The injuries are supposed to be fatal.

The next morning, finding it impossible to save the vessel, Captain Rhind called a tug, which took all his men on board. A few minutes thereafter the Keokuk sunk. The persons belonging to the ship lost all their personal effects.

On Wednesday, the squadron remained at anchor in the main ship channel. It is said the men in our fleet only numbered about 1,000, with 30 guns, while the enemy, it is supposed, had at least 300 guns, the best in the world.

The injury to the vessels, excluding the Keokuk, are represented to be of such a character as will require but a short time for repair. The casualties among our men were remarkably few, including 1 killed, and 3 wounded, on the Nahant.

The advantages of our fleet being in possession of the main channel narrows the circuit of the blockade two-thirds of the former distance. None of the batteries fired upon our vessels until the latter reached the vicinity of the main forts.

The quartermaster and six men on the Nantucket were killed.

Arrangements were being made to blow up the Keokuk.

The Real Attack yet to be Made.

WASHINGTON, April 11.—The news from Charleston is regarded by the authorities here as favorable.

The real forces of Admiral Dupont are not revealed by the attack of the first day, which was intended as a feint.

From Vicksburg.

CAIRO, April 12.—The dispatch boat New National has arrived from Vicksburg, which place she left on Wednesday. She brings news that the iron-clads Louisville, Mound City, Carondelet, Benton, Lafayette, and two others, were all prepared to run the blockade, and expected to execute the movement on Friday or Saturday night. It was also said that the transports had also been prepared with log and cotton bulwarks to run by the batteries.

The reported arrival of Gen. Osterhaus at Carthage, ten miles below Warrington, with a heavy force, is confirmed.

A flag of truce went to Vicksburg, on the 4th, and was accompanied by Gen. Grant in person. His mission is a secret one.

Rebel advices from Fort Pemberton to the 5th say the Federal troops commenced embarking on the night of the 4th, and are rapidly retreating. We shelled their camps and transportation, disabling one of their boats.

Miscellaneous.

Van Dorn's rebel corps, 15,000 men, attacked General Granger's Union corps at Franklin, Tenn., on the 10th, and, after an obstinate battle lasting nearly all day, was repulsed with the loss of 300 men, while our loss was 100. We took 20 prisoners. The enemy was beaten and pursued until nightfall.

NEW YORK, April 11.—The Boston Journal says that a letter from Newbern, North Carolina, dated the 6th inst., at 9 o'clock, P. M., has been received in that city, reporting that Gen. Foster had been reinforced, and had driven back the rebels.

A special despatch to the Herald mentions a rumor that Gen. McClellan has resigned.

☞ Is anything that goes round one's chest a *rib-band?*

FROM SPIRIT LAND.

[The following lines were delivered by Miss Lizzie Doten, while professedly in the trance state, at a spiritualist meeting in Portland, Maine, recently. They purport to have been composed in the spirit world by Miss A. W. Sprague, who was a favorite speaker with the spiritualists, and who left the earth about a year ago. Miss Doten states that she is entirely unconscious while in the trance state, and that the poetry is as new to her as to her hearers.]

I come, I come from my spirit home,
Like a bird in the early spring,
To the loved ones here whom my heart holds dear,
A message of love to bring;
Oh! the heavens are wide, but they cannot divide
The spirits whom love makes free:
The green old earth and the land of my birth,
With its homes, are still dear to me.

The phantoms of pain in my burning brain,
Have fled from the Heaven's clear light;
I be no more on the lake's lone shore,*
In the fever dreams of night—
I am safe from hate, and the storms of fate,
And that which the world calls sin;
"No longer I wait at the golden gate,
For the angels have let me in."

Oh! not too soon, though at life's high noon,
Was the close of my earthly day;
As the roses fade ere the evening shade,
I passed from the earth away,
And I knew not the blight of the bitter night,
When withers the autumn flowers,
Or the length'ning years with their weight of fears,
Which burden the spirit's powers.

In the forest wide, by the lake's green side,
The ac gels had whispered low,
"From over the sea," they had called to me,
And I knew that I soon must go;—
But I felt no fear when I knew they were near,
Nor shrank from the narrow way,
For I caught faint gleams of the crystal streams,
And the light of the heavenly day.

Oh! the angels bright, with their robes of light,
The clasp of each gentle hand,
And the eyes that smiled on earth's weary child,
As I entered the better land!—
But words are weak, when the soul would speak
Of the angel home above,
Faint visions alone, are to man made known
Of that dwelling of light and love.

My home is there, in that world so fair,
But the space is not deep or wide,
Which lies between this earthly scene
And the homes on the other side—
The thought of love, like a carrier dove,
Shall the heart's fond message bear,
And the angel bands, with their willing hands,
Shall answer each earnest prayer.

Fare ye well, farewell! My spirit can dwell
In the earthly form no more.
But whither I go, and the way ye shall know,
To your home on the other shore—
"Soon, over the sea," ye shall walk with me,
On the hills by the angels trod,
In the garments of white with the sons of light,
In the freedom and peace of God.

* This alludes to a dream of Miss Sprague, while suffering with fever, two or three years ago, when she fancied herself lying by the shore of Lake Ontario, in winter, suffering by intense cold, and of which she wrote an account afterwards.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

UPON THE THRESHOLD OF A GREAT SORROW.

It was nearly noon when Eleanor Vane awoke upon the morning after her journey, for this young lady was a good sleeper, and was taking her revenge for four-and-twenty hours of wakefulness. I doubt, indeed, if she would have opened her eyes when she did, had not her father tapped at the door of her tiny chamber and told her the hour.

She woke smiling, like a beautiful infant who has always seen loving eyes watching above its cradle.

"Papa, darling," she cried, "is it you? I've just been dreaming that I was at Brixton. How delightful to wake and hear your voice. I won't be long, papa dear. But you haven't waited breakfast all this time, have you?"

"No, my dear. I have a cup of coffee and a roll brought me every morning at nine from a *traiteur* over the way. Egg ordered some breakfast for you, but I wouldn't wake you till twelve. Dress quickly, Nell. It's a lovely morning, and I'll take you for a walk."

It was indeed a lovely morning. Eleanor Vane flung back the tawdry damask curtains, and let the full glory of the August noontide sun into her little room. Her window had been open all the night through, and the entreaui was so close to the street that she could hear the conversation of the people upon the pavement below. The foreign jargon sounded pleasant to her in its novelty. It was altogether different to the French language as she had been accustomed to hear it at Brixton; where a young lady forfeited a halfpenny every time she forgot herself so far as to give utterance to her thoughts or desires in the commonplace medium of her mother tongue. The merry voices, the barking of dogs, the rattling of wheels, and ringing of bells in the distance mingled in a cheerful clamor.

As Eleanor Vane let in that glorious noontide sunlight, it seemed to her that she had let in the morning of a new life; a new and happier existence, brighter and pleasanter than the dull boarding school monotony she had had so much of.

Her happy young soul rejoiced in the sunshine, the strange city, the change, the shadowy hopes that beckoned to her in the future, the atmosphere of love which her father's presence always made in the shabbiest home. She had not been unhappy at Brixton because it was her nature to be happy under difficulties, because she was a bright, spontaneous creature to whom it was almost impossible to be sorrowful; but she had looked forward yearningly to this day, in which she was to join her father in Paris, never perhaps to go far away from him again. And it had come at last, this long hoped-for day, the sunny opening of a new existence. It had come, and even the heavens had sympathy with her gladness, and wore their fairest aspect in honor of this natal day of her new life.

She did not linger longer over her toilet, though she lost a good deal of time in unpacking her box—which had not been very neatly packed, by the way—and had considerable trouble in finding hair brushes and combs, cuffs, collars, and ribbons, and all the rest of the small paraphernalia with which she wished to decorate herself.

But when she emerged at last, radiant and smiling, with her long golden hair falling in loose curls over her shoulders, and her pale muslin dress adorned with fluttering blue ribbons, her father was fain to cry out aloud at the sight of his darling's beauty. She kissed him a dozen times, but took very little notice of his admiration—she seemed, in fact, scarcely conscious that he did admire her—and then ran into the adjoining room to caress a dog, an eccentric French poodle, which had been George Vane's faithful companion during the three years he had spent in Paris.

"Oh, papa!" Eleanor cried, joyously, returning to the sitting-room with the dingy white animal in her arms, "I am so pleased to find Fido. You didn't speak of him in your letters, and I was afraid you had lost him perhaps, or that he was dead. But here he is, just as great a darling, and just as dirty as ever."

The poodle, who was divided in half, upon that unpleasant principle common to his species, and who was white and curly in front, and smooth and pinky behind, reciprocated Miss Vane's caresses very liberally. He leaped about her knees when she set him down upon the slippery floor, and yelped wild outcries of delight. He was not permitted to pass the night in Mr. Vane's apartments, but slept in a dismal outhouse behind the butler's shop, and it was thus that Eleanor had not seen him upon her arrival in the Rue L'Archeveque.

The young lady was so anxious to go out with her father, so eager to be away on the broad boulevards with the happy idle people of that wonderful city in which nobody ever seems to be either busy or sorrowful, that she made very short work of her roll and coffee, and then ran back to her little bed-chamber to array herself for a promenade. She came out five minutes afterwards, dressed in a black silk mantle and a white transparent bonnet, which looked fleecy and cloud like against her bright auburn hair. The glorious hair was suffered to fall from under the bonnet and stream about her shoulders like golden rain, for she had never yet attained the maturer dignity of wearing her luxuriant tresses plaited and twisted in a hard knot at the back of her head.

"Now, papa, please, where are we to go?"

"Wherever you like, my darling," the old man answered; "I mean to give you a treat to-day. You shall spend the morning how you like, and we'll dine on the Boulevard Poissonnier. I've received a letter from Mrs. Bannister. It came before you were up. I am to call in the Rue de la Paix for a hundred and six pounds. A hundred to be paid to Madame Marly, and six for me; my monthly allowance, my dear, at the rate of thirty shillings a week."

Mr. Vane sighed as he named the sum. It would have been better for this broken down old spendthrift if he could have received his pittance weekly, or even daily, for it was his habit to dine at the Trois Freres, and wear pale straw-colored gloves, and a flower in his button-hole, at the beginning of the month, and to subsist on rolls and coffee towards its close.

He unfolded the narrow slip of paper upon which his eldest daughter had written the banker's address and the amount which Mr. Vane was to demand, and looked at the magical document fondly, almost proudly. Any one unfamiliar with his frivolous and sanguine nature, might have wondered at the change which had taken place in his manner since the previous night, when he had tearfully bewailed his daughter's cruelty.

He had been an old man then, degraded, humiliated, broken down by sorrow and shame; to-day he was young, handsome, gay, debonair, pompous, prepared to go out into the world and hold his place among the butterflies once more. He rejoiced in the delicious sensation of having money to spend. Every fresh five-pound note was a new lease of youth and happiness to George Vane.

The father and daughter went out together, and the butcher neglected his business in order to stare after Miss Vane, and the butcher's youngest child, a tiny damsel in a cambric mob-cap, cried out, "Oh, la belle demoiselle!" as Eleanor turned the corner of the narrow street into the sunny thoroughfare beyond. Fido came frisking after his master's daughter, and Mr. Vane had some difficulty in driving the animal back. Eleanor would have liked the dog to go with them in their noontide ramble through the Parisian streets, but her father pointed out the utter absurdity of such a proceeding.

Mr. Vane conducted his daughter through a maze of streets behind the Madeleine. There was no Boulevard Malesherbes in those days, to throw this part of the city open to the sweep of a park of artillery. Eleanor's eyes lit up with gladness as they emerged from the narrower streets behind the church into the wide boulevard, not as handsome then as it is to-day, but very broad and airy, gay and lightsome withal.

An involuntary cry of delight broke from Eleanor's lips.

"Oh, papa," she said, "it is so different from Brixton. But where are we going first, papa, dear?"

"Over the way, my dear, to Blount & Co.'s, in the Rue de la Paix. We'll get this money at once, Nelly, and we'll carry it straight to Madame Marly. They had no occasion to insult us, my dear. We have not sunk so low, yet. No, no, not quite so low as to rob our own children."

"Papa, darling, don't think of that cruel letter. I don't like to take the money when I remember that. Don't think of it, papa."

Mr. Vane shook his head.

"I *will* think of it, my dear," he answered, in a tone of sorrowful indignation—the indignation of an honorable man, who rebels against a cruel stigma of dishonor. "I will think of it, Eleanor. I have been called a thief—a thief, Eleanor. I am not very likely to forget *that*, I think."

They were in the Rue de la Paix by this time. George Vane was very familiar with the banker's office, for he had been in the habit of receiving his monthly pension through an order on Messrs. Blount & Co. He left Eleanor at the foot of the stairs, while he ascended to the office on the first floor: and he returned five minutes afterwards, carrying a bundle of notes in one hand, and a delicious little roll of Napoleons in the other. The notes fluttered pleasantly in the summer air, as she showed them to his daughter.

"We will go at once to Madame Marly, my darling," he said, gayly, "and give her these, without a moment's unnecessary delay. They shall have no justification in calling me a thief, Eleanor. You will write to your sister by this afternoon's post, perhaps, my dear, and tell her that I did not try to rob you. I think you owe so much as that to your poor old father."

George Vane's daughter clung lovingly to his arm, looking up tenderly and entreatingly in his face.

"Papa, darling, how can you say such things!" she cried. "I will write and tell Mrs. Bannister that she has been very cruel, and that her insulting letter has made me hate to take her paltry money. But, papa, dearest, how can you talk of robbing *me*? If this money is really mine, take it, take every penny of it, if—if—you owe it to anybody who worries you, or if you want it for anything in the world. I can go back to Brixton and earn my living to-morrow, papa. Miss Bennett and Miss Lavinia told me so before I came away. You don't know how useful they began to find me with the little ones. Take the money, papa, dear, if you want it."

Mr. Vane turned upon his daughter with almost tragic indignation.

"Eleanor," he said, "do you know me so little that you dare to insult me by such a proposition as this? No, if I were starving I would not take this money. Am I so lost and degraded that even the child I love turns upon me in my old age?"

The hand which held the bank notes trembled with passionate emotion as the old man spoke.

"Papa, darling," Eleanor pleaded, "indeed, indeed, I did not mean to wound you."

"Let me hear no more of this, then, Eleanor, let me hear no more of it," answered Mr. Vane, drawing himself up with a dignity that would have become a togs, rather than the old man's fashionable over-coat. "I am not angry with you, my darling, I was only hurt, I was only hurt. My children have never known me, Eleanor, they have never known me. Come, my dear."

Mr. Vane put aside his tragic air, and plunged into the Rue St. Honore, where he called for a packet of gloves that had been cleaned for him. He put the gloves in his pocket, and then strolled back into the Rue Castiglione, looking at the vehicles in the roadway as he went. He was waiting to select the most elegantly appointed of the hackney equipages crawling slowly past.

"It's a pity the Government insist on putting a'painted badge upon them," he said, gayly, debonair, pompous, prepared to go out into the world and hold his place among the butterflies once more. "When I last called on Madame Marly, Charles the Tenth was at the Tuileries, and I had my traveling chariot and pair at Meurice's, besides a Britska for Mrs. Vane."

He had pitched upon a very new and shining vehicle, with a smart coachman, by this time, and he made that half hissing, half whistling noise peculiar to Parisians when they call a hackney carriage.

Eleanor sprang lightly into the vehicle, and spread her flowing muslin skirts upon the cushions as she seated herself. The passers by looked admiringly at the smiling young Anglaise with her white bonnet and nimbus of glittering hair.

"Au Bois, Cocher," Mr. Vane cried, as he took his place by his daughter.

He had bought a tiny bouquet for his button-hole near the Madeleine, and he selected a pair of white doeskin gloves, and drew them carefully on his well-shaped hands.—He was as much a dandy to-day as he had been in those early days when the Prince and Brummel were his exalted models.

The drive across the Place de la Concorde, and along the Champs Elysees, was an exquisite pleasure to Eleanor Vane; but it was even yet more exquisite when the light carriage rolled away along one of the avenues in the Bois de Boulogne, where the shadows of the green leaves trembled on the grass, and all nature rejoiced beneath the cloudless August sky. The day was a shade too hot, perhaps, and had been certainly growing hotter since noon, but Eleanor was too happy to remember that.

"How nice it is to be with you, papa, darling," she said, "and how I wish I wasn't going to this school. I should be so happy in that dear little lodging over the butcher's, and I could go out as morning governess to some French children, couldn't I? I shouldn't cost you much, I know, papa."

Mr. Vane shook his head.

"No, no, my love. Your education must be completed. Why should you be less accomplished than your sisters? You shall occupy as brilliant a position as ever they occupied, my love, or a better one, perhaps. You have seen me under a cloud, Eleanor; but you shall see the sunshine yet. You'll scarcely know your old father, my poor girl, when you see him in the position he has been used to occupy; *yes*, used to occupy, my dear. This lady we are going to see, Madame Marly, *she* remembers, my love.—She could tell you what sort of a man George Vane was five-and-twenty years ago."

The house in which the fashionable schoolmistress who had "finished" the elder daughters of George Vane still received her pupils, was a white walled villa, half-hidden in one of the avenues of the Bois de Boulogne.

The little hired carriage drew up before a door in the garden wall, and a portress came out to reply to the coachman's summons.

Unhappily, the portress said Madame was not at home. Madame's assistants were at home, and would be happy to receive Monsieur and Mademoiselle. That might be perhaps altogether the same thing, the portress suggested.

No, Monsieur replied, he must see Madame herself. Ah, but then nothing could be so unfortunate. Madame, who so seldom quitted the Pension, had to-day driven into Paris to arrange her affairs, and would not return until sunset.

Mr. Vane left his card with a few words written upon it in pencil to the effect that he would call at two o'clock the next day, in the charge of the portress, and the carriage drove back towards Paris.

"Bear witness, Eleanor," said the old man, "bear witness that I tried to pay this money away immediately after receiving it. You will be good enough to mention that fact in your letter to my eldest daughter."

He had carried the notes in his hand all this time, as if eager to deliver them over to the school-mistress, but he now put them into his breast-pocket. I think upon the whole he was rather pleased at the idea of retaining custody of the money for the next twenty-four hours. It was not his own, but the mere possession of it gave him a pleasant sense of importance; and again he might very probably have an opportunity of displaying the bank notes, incidentally, to some of his associates. Unhappily for this lonely old man, his few Parisian acquaintances were of a rather shabby and not too reputable calibre, and were therefore likely to be somewhat impressed by the sight of a hundred and twenty-five Napoleons, in crisp, new notes upon the Bank of France.

It was past three when Mr. Vane and his daughter alighted in front of the Palais Royal, and the coachman claimed payment for two hours and a half. The old man had changed the first of his six Napoleons at the glove cleaners, and he had a handful of loose silver in his waistcoat pocket, so the driver was quickly paid and dismissed, and Eleanor entered the Palais Royal, that paradise of cheap jewelry and dinners, hanging on her father's arm.

Mr. Vane bore patiently with his daughter's enthusiastic admiration of the diamonds and the paste, the glittering realities and almost as glittering shams in the jewelers' windows. Eleanor wanted to look at everything, the trinkets, and opera-glasses, and portmanteaus, and chins—everything was new and beautiful. The fountain was playing; noisy children were running about among equally noisy nurses and well dressed loungers. A band was playing close to the fountain. The chinking of tea-spoons and cups and saucers, sounded in the Cafe de la Rotonde; people had not begun to dine yet, but the windows and glazed nooks in the door ways of the restaurants were splendid with their displays of enormous pears and peaches. George Vane allowed his daughter to linger a long time before all the shops. He was rather ashamed of her exuberant delight, and unrestrained enthusiasm, as so much pleasure in these simple things was scarcely consistent with that *haut ton* which the old man still affected even in his downfall. But he had not the heart to interfere with his daughter's happiness—was it not strange happiness to him to have this beautiful creature with him, clinging to his arms, and looking up at him with a face that was glorified by her innocent joy.

They left the Palais Royal at last, before half its delights were exhausted, as Eleanor thought, and went through the Rue Richelieu to the Place de la Bourse, where Mr. Vane's eager companion looked wistfully at the doors of the theatre opposite the great Temple of Commerce.

"Oh, papa," she said, "how I should like to go to a theatre to-night."

Miss Vane had seen a good deal of the English drama during her Chelsea life, for the old man knew some of the London managers, men who remembered him in his prosperity, and were glad to give him admission to their boxes now and then, out of pure benevolence. But the Parisian theatres seemed mysteriously delightful to Eleanor, inasmuch as they were strange.

"Can you get tickets for the theatres here, papa," she asked, "as you used to in London?"

Mr. Vane shrugged his shoulders.

"No, my love," he said, "it's not quite such an easy matter. I know one of the scene-painters at the Ambigu—a very clever fellow—but he doesn't get many orders to give away. I'll tell you what, though, Eleanor, I'll take you to the Porte St. Martin to-night—why should I deny my child an innocent pleasure—I'll take you to the Porte St. Martin, unless—"

George Vane paused, and a gloomy shadow crept over his face—a shade that made him look an old man. His youthfulness of appearance entirely depended upon the buoyancy of a nature which contended with age. The moment his spirits sank he looked what he was—an old man.

"Unless what, papa, dearest?" Eleanor asked.

"I—I had an appointment for to-night, my love, with—with a couple of gentlemen, who—But I won't keep it, Eleanor,—no, no, I'll not keep it. I'll take you to the theatre. I can afford you that pleasure."

"Dear, dear papa, you never refused me any pleasure; but it would be so selfish of me to ask you to break your appointment with these two gentlemen. You had better keep it."

"No, no, my dear—I'd—it would be better—perhaps. Yes, I'll take you to Porte St. Martin."

Mr. Vane spoke hesitatingly. The shadow had not yet left his face. Had his daughter been less occupied by the delights of the Parisian shops, the novelty and gayety of the crowd, she must surely have observed the change in that idolized father.

But she observed nothing, she could remember nothing but her happiness. This glorious day of reunion and delight seemed indeed the beginning of a new life. She looked back wonderingly at the dull routine of her boarding-school existence. Could it be possible that it was only a day or two since she was in the Brixton school-room hearing the little ones, the obstinate, incorrigible little ones, their hateful lessons—their odious, monotonous repetitions of dry facts about William the Conquerer and Buenos Ayres, the manufacture of tallow candles, and the nine parts of speech?

They strolled on the boulevard till six o'clock, and then ascended the shining staircase of a restaurant on the Boulevard Poissonnier, where Eleanor saw herself reflected in so many mirrors that she was almost bewildered by the repetition of her own auburn hair and white bonnet.

The long saloons were filled with eager diners, who looked up from their knives and forks as the English girl went by.

"We dine a la carte here," her father whispered; "this is a fete day, and I mean to give you a first-class dinner."

Mr. Vane found a vacant table in an open window. The house was at a corner of the boulevard, and this window looked down the crowded thoroughfare towards the Madeleine. Eleanor exclaimed once more as the prospect burst upon her, and she saw all the boulevard with its gay splendor, spread out, as it were, at her feet; but her father was too busy with the waiter and the *carte* to observe her manifestation of delight.

Mr. Vane was an epicure, and prided himself upon his talent for ordering a dinner. There was a good deal of *finesse* displayed by him now-a-days in the arrange ment of a repast; for poverty had taught him all kinds of little diplomatic contrivances whereby he might, as it were, mingle economy and extravagance. He ordered such and such dishes "for one," intending to divide them with his child. A few Ostend oysters, some soup—*puree creey*—a little dish of beef and olives, a *sole normande*, a quarter of a roast chicken, and a *Charlotte Plombieres*

It was a long time since Eleanor had eaten one of her father's epicurean feasts, and she did ample justice to the dinner, even in spite of the ever recurrent distractions upon the boulevard below.

The dishes followed each other slowly, for the unresting waiters had many claimants on their attention, and the sun who was low in the cloudless western sky when Mr. Vane and his daughter left the restaurant. It was nearly night; the lights began to shine out through a hot white mist, for the heat had grown more and more oppressive as the day had declined. The Parisians sitting at little marble tables on the pavement outside the cafes fanned themselves with their newspapers, and drank effervescing drinks pertinaciously. It was a night upon which one should have had nothing more laborious to do than to sit outside Tortoni's and eat ices.

The noise and clamor, the oppressive heat, the bustle and confusion of the people rushing to the theatres made Eleanor's head ache. One cannot go on being unutterably happy forever, and perhaps the day's excitement had been almost too much for this young school-girl. She had walked long distances already upon the burning asphalte of the wonderful city, and she was beginning to be tired. Mr. Vane never thought of this: he had been accustomed to walk about day after day, and sometimes all day, for what should a lonely Englishman do in Paris but walk about? and he forgot that the fatigue might be too much for his daughter. He walked on, therefore, with Eleanor still clinging to his arm, past the Ambigu, beyond the Barriere St. Antoine, and still the long, lamp-lit boulevard stretched before them, away into immeasurable distance as it appeared to Miss Vane.

The hot white mist seemed to grow denser as the evening advanced; the red sun blazed and flashed on every available scrap of crystal; the gas-lamps, newly illumined, strove against that fast-fading sun. It was all light, and heat, and noise, and confusion, Eleanor thought, upon the boulevard. Very splendid, of course, but rather bewildering. She would have been glad to sit down to rest upon one of the benches on the edge of the pavement; but, as her father did not seem tired, she still walked on, patiently and uncomplainingly.

"We'll go into one of the theatres presently, Nelly," Mr. Vane said.

He had recovered his spirits under the invigorating influence of a bottle of Cliquot's champagne, and the gloomy shadow had quite passed away from his face.

It was nearly nine o'clock, and quite dark, when they turned towards the Madeleine again, on their way back to the Porte St. Martin. They had not gone far when Mr. Vane stopped, suddenly confronted by two young men who were walking arm-in-arm.

"Hullo!" one of them cried, in French, "you have served us a handsome trick, my friend."

George Vane stammered out an apology. His daughter had returned from school, he said, and he wished to show her Paris.

"Yes, yes," the Frenchman answered; "but we were aware of Mademoiselle's return, and it was arranged in spite of that that we should meet this evening: was it not so, my friend?"

He turned to his companion, who nodded rather sulkily, and turned away with a half weary, half dissatisfied air.

Eleanor looked at the two young men, wondering what new friends her father had made in Paris. The Frenchman was short and stout, and had a fair, florid complexion. Eleanor was able to see this, for his face was turned to the lamplight, as he talked to her father. He was rather showily dressed, in fashionably cut clothes, that looked glossy and new, and he twirled a short silver-headed cane in his gloved hands.

The other man was tall and slender, shabbily and untidily dressed in garments of a rakish cut, that hung loosely about him.—His hands were thrust deep in the pockets of his loose overcoat, and his hat was slouched over his forehead.

Eleanor Vane only caught one passing glimpse of this man's face as he turned sullenly away; but she could see the glimmer of a pair of bright, restless black eyes under the shadow of his hat, and the fierce curve of a very thick black moustache, which completely concealed his mouth. He had turned, not towards the lighted shop windows, but to the roadway; and he was amusing himself by kicking a wisp of straw to and fro upon the sharp edge of the curb-stone, with the toe of his shabby patent leather boot.

The Frenchman drew George Vane aside, and talked to him for a few minutes in an undertone, gesticulating after the manner of his nation, and evidently persuading the old man to do something or other which he shrank from doing. But Mr. Vane's resistance seemed of a very feeble nature, and the Frenchman conquered, for his last shrug was one of triumph.

Eleanor, stancing by herself, midway between the sulky young man upon the curb-stone and her father and the Frenchman, perceived this. She looked up anxiously as Mr Vane returned to her.

"My love," the old man said, hesitatingly, nervously trifling with his glove as he spoke —"do you think you could find your way back to the Rue l'Archeveque?"

"Find my way back? Why, papa?"

"I—I mean, could you find your way back a—alone?"

"Alone!"

She echoed the word with a look of mingled disappointment and alarm.

"Alone, papa!"

But here the Frenchman interposed, eagerly.

Nothing was more simple, he said; Mademoiselle had only to walk straight on to the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs; she would then, and then—

He ran off into a string of rapid directions, not one of which Eleanor heard. She was looking at her father, Heaven knows how earnestly, for she saw in his face, in his nervous, hesitating manner, something that told her there was some sinister influence to be dreaded from this garrulous, eager Frenchman and his silent companion.

"Papa, dear," she said, in a low, almost imploring voice, "do you really wish me to go back alone?"

"Why—why, you see, my dear, I—I don't exactly wish—but there are appointments which, as Monsieur remarks, not—not unreasonably, should not be broken, and—"

"You will stay out late, papa, perhaps, with these gentlemen—"

"No, no, my love, no, no; for an hour or so; not longer."

Eleanor looked up sorrowfully in the face she loved so dearly. Vague memories of grief and trouble in the past, mingled with as vague a presentiment of trouble in the future, filled her mind; she clasped her hands imploringly upon her father's arm.

"Come home with me to-night, papa," she said, "it is my first night at home. Come back, and we'll play *ecarte* as we used at Chelsea. You remember teaching me."

Mr. Vane started, as if the tender grasp upon his arm had stung into his flesh.

"I—I can't come home to-night, Eleanor. At least, not for an hour. There—there are social laws, my dear, which must be observed; and when—when a gentleman is asked to give another his revenge, he—he can't refuse. I'll put you into a carriage, my darling, if you think you can't find your way."

"Oh, no, papa, dear, it's not that. I can find my way."

The Frenchman here interposed for the second time with some complimentary speech, addressed to Eleanor, who very imperfectly understood its purport. He had slipped his arm through that of George Vane, taking possession of him in a manner by that friendly gesture. In all this time the other man had never stirred from his sulky attitude upon the edge of the pavement.

Mr. Vane took his daughter's hand.

"I am sorry I can't take you to the theatre, my love," he said, in the same hesitating manner. "I—I regret that you should be disappointed, but—good night, my dear, good-night. I shall be home by eleven; but don't sit up for me; don't on any account sit up."

He pressed her hand, held it for a few moments, as if scarcely knowing what to do with it, and then suddenly dropped it with something of a guilty manner.

The Frenchman, with his arm still linked in the old man's, wheeled sharply round, and walked away towards the Barriere Saint Antoine, leaving Eleanor standing alone among the passers-by, looking wistfully after her father. The other man looked up as the Frenchman led Mr. Vane away, and slowly followed them, with his head bent and his hands in his pockets. Eleanor stood quite still, watching her father's erect figure, the short Frenchman, and the tall, sulky stranger following the other two, until all three were out of sight. Then turning homewards with a half-repressed sigh, she looked sadly down the long lamplit vista. It was very beautiful, very gay, brilliant, and splendid; but all that splendor and gayety made her feel only the more lonely, now that her father had left her. The first day, the natal day of her new life, seemed to end very drearily, after all.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SUNBEAM AND A SHADOW.

I hear a shout of merrimeat,
A laughing boy I see;
Two little feet the carpet press,
And bring the child to me.
Two little arms around my neck,
Two feet upon my knee!
How fall the kisses on my cheek!
How sweet they are to me!

That merry shout no more I hear,
No laughing child I see,
No little arms are round my neck,
Nor feet upon my knee!
No kisses drop upon my cheek,
Those lips are sealed to me.
Dear Lord, how could I give him up
To any but to Thee!

☞ The gentleman who returned his neighbor's borrowed umbrella was seen a day or two ago walking in company with the young lady who passed a looking glass without taking a peep. It is believed they are engaged.

☞ We once heard of a Kentuckian whose amazing strength was attended with fatal consequences. He was cutting a slice of bread-and-butter, when the knife slipped, and cut himself in half and two men behind him.

☞ Don't carry a handkerchief in your breast-pocket. If you do—you take a *viper* to your bosom.

THE EVIL EYE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

There is a little watering-place on the coast of England which, having gained, by some capricious turn in the wheel of fortune, a great reputation for salubrity, is thronged during the summer months with the prettiest of faces and the smartest of petticoats, to say nothing of the variety of hats, nor the redundancy of the locks of the fair daughters of Briton, as they sun themselves on the crowded beach of Rockingbourne.

From early dawn to early dinner-time the sands, the beach, the cliffs, and the esplanade are dotted with all the colors of the rainbow; but after that time Rockingbourne is a desert. Nobody is to be seen. Nobody knows where everybody or anybody is gone. The gay world has fled from the sea-shore, and plunged into the surrounding country.

Here comes my story. I was wrong to say nobody was to be seen after that midday dispersion. There was one figure faithful to that far-stretching esplanade morning, noon, and night. One figure I never missed among the gay throng—never failed to meet when no other soul was out to bear her company; and this not only in summer, but in spring, autumn, and winter. You could not spend a week at Rockingbourne at any time of the year without becoming as intimate with that tall, stately woman (by sight) as you are with your opposite neighbors in London—perhaps more so. You could not take a day-ticket and go down to Rockingbourne to look for a house, and while away an odd half-hour on the pier, without the very boatmen pausing as the shadowy apparition floated rapidly by, and informing you gratuitously that "that ere's Miss Lily Vaughan."

She did not live alone. She had an old mother in her dotage, who used to be drawn along the esplanade regularly twice a day in a Bath-chair. At first I had an idea that the daughter too was out of her mind, though in a different way; but no one corroborated this suspicion of mine; on the contrary, a friendly fisherman used to shake his head when I suggested it, and say: "No, it ain't quite that; though, to be sure, she do look uncommon different to other folks."

But if it were not "quite that," what was it? There is a vast difference between singularity and eccentricity. Miss Lily Vaughan was singular without being eccentric. She differed in no respect from other people in the fashion of her garments, though she always wore one uniform color—gray all the year round on week days, black all the year round on Sundays; gray from head to foot, black from head to foot. It was in this that her singularity consisted, in the first instance; in the second it was in her personal appearance, her height (too tall for a woman), her easy, stately grace—for, rapid as her movements were, she seemed more to float along than to walk—and in her beautiful profile, the last remnant of early attractions.

Miss Lily Vaughan had been a beauty, there could be no doubt about that; but now her cheek was hollow, her complexion gone, and her hair gray; yet no one could pass her without saying, "Who is she?" As for her acquirements, they were those of a lady, though I only found them out accidentally. It was by hearing her explain to a German governess in the purest French the postage of a letter that I discovered she was familiar with both languages. It was by overhearing her translate the despair of a bewildered Italian gentleman at the railway-station to the officials who had unintentionally misled him as to his train, that I found she was equally at home in *that* language. Yet, with such accomplishments, why did Miss Lily Vaughan hide herself at Rockingbourne? unless, indeed, as I whispered to myself whenever I met her, she was the heroine of some story.

Towards the close of my last summer at Rockingbourne, when the sea-air was just beginning to feel crisp and the mornings frosty, a friend, who had long lived out of England, came to stay with me. She was the mother of a large family of daughters, whom she had educated and married off abroad; and now returned, after an absence of eighteen years, to end her days in her native country. She had no fixed idea as to where she should live. She wished to see a great many places before she came to any decision; and this feeling brought her down to Rockingbourne.

The day after she arrived we walked all the morning on the esplanade, and all the afternoon on the cliffs. In the evening we went down to the pier, to hear the band; and as we were returning leisurely to our house, deep in conversation, I suddenly felt my friend seize my arm, and ejaculate,

"Good Heavens! how came she here?"

Startled by the grasp and the exclamation, I looked hastily about me, and saw nothing sufficiently alarming to account for her agitation, except the retreating figure of Miss Lily Vaughan, silent, swift, and shadowy as usual, fading away from sight in her gray draperies, like a wreath of smoke.

Then began my friend again:

"How came she here? Why did you not tell me she was at Rockingbourne? What is she doing at this quiet place?"

"Who?" said I, doubtful for the moment whom she meant, and being myself so accustomed to the apparition that it no longer excited in me the least attention. "Have you seen any one you know?"

"I have seen Lily Vaughan!" she exclaimed, hurrying on, "and I had rather not see her again. Good Heavens!" she repeated, "how she recalls all my old days! how little altered, after all these years! What on earth could have brought her here?"

"Then you know her?" was my delighted rejoinder. "You are the first person I ever met who could tell me a word about her; and if she recalls your old days, you may perhaps be able to unravel the mystery. She is the mystery of Rockingbourne. We all say there must be some story attached to her; and if you knew her in bygone years, perhaps you can tell it to me?"

"Indeed I can," said my friend, whilst a smile of exceeding bitterness curled her lip: "no one better; but it is not a tale for the open air. We must go in; we must shut ourselves in the house, close the door, fasten the windows, and draw down the blinds; then, and only then, shall I be able to talk of Lily Vaughan, whose very name has set me off in such a tremor that I must have time to recover. Oh, the long years that have passed since last we met! Do you think she saw me? Which way did she go? Do you think," added she, lowering her voice, and looking almost fearfully round, "that she looked as if she knew me?"

I could not say; I had not observed. Lily Vaughan rarely looked at any one, and this was one amongst her many peculiarities; so that the chances were, my friend had escaped recognition.

"I hope it," she exclaimed, fervently, as we hurried on; "and besides, I am more altered, I dare say, than she is. I should have known her again amongst thousands, and at any distance. Time deals lightly with such as she."

We re-entered the house, made fast the door, drew down the blinds, and then sat down and looked in each other's faces.

"I feel," said my friend, "as if something had happened to me—just as one feels on first waking in the morning after a great misfortune or affliction; and she shuddered. I proposed a fire; for though only early in September, the evenings were chilly.

"Well, light it," she said, as I struck a lucifer under the mass of twigs and dried branches with which a grate at the seaside is generally filled; "light it, for company; the blaze is cheery, at all events, and my story needs it."

And up flared the bright flame, lighting the blanched cheeks and pinched lips of my friend with a lurid red. When the blaze flickered and fell, she looked ghastly.

You thought she had a story, she began, and you were right. You shall hear it, from the hour I first knew her to that in which we parted, never again to meet, as I had hoped; but Destiny has willed it otherwise, and why, Heaven only knows. Four-and-twenty years ago Lily Vaughan and I were girls together. It is nineteen years since we met last, yet I knew her again at a glance. Four-and-twenty years ago she was fourteen, and I three years her senior. In mind, in manners, in arts, and in the ways of the world, she was ten years, at least, in advance of myself; precocious in everything, and fearfully fascinating; for there was something in her fascination singularly unpleasing. As for her temper, no one had ever ruled her: and, until the governess who finished *my* education went on to reside with Mrs. Vaughan, I doubt if any one had ever attempted such a thing. But my good and resolute Miss Marryat manfully undertook the task, of the difficulty of which you can judge when I tell you that when she entered on her duties Lily had just been expelled from a school in the suburbs of London. You will naturally imagine some grave fault was the cause of this disgrace; but no, the most extraordinary part of it was, that though insisting on her removal, the schoolmistress could put the girl's offence in no tangible form. All she could say was, that the influence—*the evil influence*—she exercised over her companions was such, that she must go. Every girl in the school stood by Lily Vaughan; the haughtiest spirit there bowed before her; and though the daily acts of insubordination, the half-yearly cases of open mutiny, and the wild defiance of half the school, were all distinctly traced to but one source, and that Lily Vaughan, the schoolmistresses themselves seemed awed into fear of her, and could neither say anything but "Remove her," nor do anything but expel her.

"You had better not," were the words she used when summoned before the Misses Cartwright to receive their decision; "you had better let me stay. If you expel me, you will live to repent it. You will regret it to the last day of your lives."

And though I heard they actually trembled before the youthful audacity which thus set their punishment at naught, of course the sentence was put into execution; and Lily Vaughan was sent home to her widowed mother, to see what a governess at home could do.

But now (before we proceed to that,) to show you how singularly prophetic was this first public essay of her mysterious power, from the day Lily Vaughan left the roof of the Misses Cartwright the school "went down," as the saying is; the girls left one by one; the eldest sister—she on whom Lily had fixed her fatal glance as she hurled at her the indignant warning against expelling her—died within a few months of the closing of the establishment; and the younger one fell into inextricable embarrassments. When I next heard of her, it was Lily herself who mentioned her, when we met at a Christmas ball.

"You remember," said she to me, carelessly "the youngest of those odious schoolmistresses of mine? I heard news of her to-day."

"What news?" I asked.

"She lies in a cellar in a street near Lisson Grove. She wrote to me for assistance, saying she had not an article of furniture but a chair, and nothing to cover her but rags; as for a bed, she had long ceased to own one. But I was not surprised. I told them both they would repent expelling me; and, if you recollect, I said I was sure they would live to repent it; and I should think they had done so."

It gave me a chill, my dear friend, and I turned disgusted from the beautiful creature who spoke. The next day I went through the snow, and found the street, and the house, and the room. All was true, except the fact of her *living* in it. The poor governess, covered with the rags that had served her through many bitter weeks as a bed, lay still in the placid sleep of death, though starvation was visible in every pinched feature of her face.

Helen, I make no remarks. I shall merely tell you case for case as each occurred; and when I have done, think what you please of Lily Vaughan.

To go on next to my quondam governess. She entered heart and soul into the enterprise of subduing a temper which even the poor feeble mother—a silly, weak woman, who idolised this only child—declared to be beyond mortal skill; and after two years she came to me in despair. She said she must leave.

"Miss Vaughan is but sixteen, and I should have liked to have watched over her at least one more year; but I cannot. She makes me too miserable, and I must give it up."

"But why?" I asked. "What does she do? She does not venture to treat you ill?"

"No; but the strain on my nerves is so great, I cannot support it."

"Nerves?" said I, laughing, "you never had any in my time."

She shook her head mournfully.

"I have found them now, and I have such headaches too that I am often unfit for my duties. When you know what health I once had, you will be inclined to doubt me; but I assure you I sometimes feel quite distracted, as if I were incapable of commanding myself."

"Owing to her conduct?"

"No, oh, no; the feeling is unaccountable—it is impossible to describe it. I only know I must give up Miss Vaughan, unless some very great change soon takes place.—I am sorry, because Mrs. Vaughan praises me so to stay."

"And Lily's temper?" said I.

"She never shows any of it to me," replied Miss Marryat, calmly; and I marvelled what miracle she had wrought to gain so great a victory.

Soon after this I went abroad with my parents, and in the course of the following summer we met the Vaughans at Sorrento. I do not know what it was that prompted me—but almost my first thought when I saw Lily was of Miss Marryat, and almost my first question, "Where is she now?"

Judge of my horror, my grief, my distress, Helen,—you, who have a heart,—when the very same rosy, smiling lips which had told me so lightly of the miserable state of Miss Cartwright, now uttered the words:

"Oh, didn't you know? Poor thing, she went quite mad!"

"Mad!" I echoed; "what can you mean? You are not speaking literally?"

"Indeed I am," was the answer. "We did all we could for her; though, between ourselves, I never could endure her. At first she was very odd, and out of spirits, and nervous, and all that; she would never go out, and had a great dislike to being noticed; and so it went on, from bad to worse, till at last we sent her away."

"To her home?" I asked.

"Oh, dear, no; I never heard of her having any home: but we gave her in charge to Dr. N——, and saw no more of her."

"Then perhaps she is now lingering in misery, in some private asylum?"

"No; she was too violent for that. She was taken to Hanwell, I know; and beyond that I can tell you nothing."

Now, Helen, as I said before, I shall make no remarks. I have laid *two* facts before you, and more are yet to come. If, when I close my tale, or rather when I have gone through the whole of Lily Vaughan's story, you smile, and say it is but a string of curious coincidences, then I have wasted my breath. But to continue.

Our girlhood was passing; and after the stage of governesses came the lovers. It did not surprise me to hear, some time towards the close of that year, that Lily Vaughan was engaged to be married; but I confess I was curious to see the man who had succeeded in winning that volatile heart, and enchaining that fickle fancy; for I had never myself heard her mention an admirer except in terms of either scorn or derision. Well, she wrote to tell me she was engaged, and to invite me to be bridesmaid; and she said the ceremony was to take place at Florence, because friends who had a villa in the immediate neighborhood had kindly allowed the wedding to be celebrated from their house; so her mother and herself would be found by us at the Villa P——, as soon as it suited us to arrive in Florence. We obeyed the summons. We reached the scene of action two days before the projected event; and as soon as I had a moment's *tete a tete* with my friend, of course our conversation was entirely of the bridegroom-elect. Was he short? was he tall? was he dark? was he fair? was he poor or rich?—in short, I was curious to know all about him.

"See him," said Lily; "for I do not pretend to be able to describe people. He was introduced to us by our host, Sir William Dartmouth,—an old friend of mamma's, and, in fact, a sort of guardian of mine,—and casually named as a gentleman in search of a wife to spend his four thousand a year for him. I thought I could manage to do that for him, and so I accepted him. There is the whole story."

"No heart in it, then?" said I, almost speaking aloud; for I was disappointed at the very small portion of romance there appeared to be in the arrangement, and Lily shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't feel quite the sort of a girl for a red-hot love-match," she returned, with the usual sarcastic smile on her beautiful lips; "but as long as Mr. Temple Graham considers me perfection, I am quite satisfied."

That evening I saw Mr. Temple Graham, and was introduced to him as one of the bridesmaids. It was Sir William Dartmouth who presented me,—not Lily; she was lounging in a large chair, playing with a fan of red feathers, and veiling those eyes of hers under their thick and sweeping lashes.

Mr. Temple Graham struck me as the handsomest man I had ever seen; but I doubt if he saw me, for he had no eyes except for Lily. He sat by her side, or he hung over her chair, the whole evening; and yet she scarcely vouchsafed him a word.—The next day it was just the same. We had a pic nic, and the whole party spent the day in the open air. It was not until night that we returned, and then a supper was laid out *al fresco*, and the trees, conservatories, and terraces all lighted with colored lamps. Still were all these beauties lost on Mr. Temple Graham. He saw in them acts of adoration towards one whom he thought worthy of any amount of worship; it was the object, not the throng of worshipers, by which his whole soul seemed absorbed; and yet, throughout the evening, she scarcely vouchsafed him a look.

"I am not going to spoil him," was her reply to a faint remonstrance of mine at a chance moment: "as long as he does not complain I shall take my own way."

"Complain? Oh, Lily, such a man as that would hardly complain," I said; "but is it treating him fairly? You ought to think yourself the luckiest of girls to have won such a heart, and yet you seem quite to grudge him one glance."

She laughed.

"Silly creature," she called me, "were it not for that devotion, do you think I would look at him? Not I! no, nor at any man with five times his attractions, and fifty times his wealth. I choose to be adored, but I don't mean to adore."

Heartless, heartless!—heartless and careless even on the eve of an event which was to link her destiny with one who, one short month before, was a complete stranger to her!

That evening we all inspected her trousseau and her jewels. They were of the most sumptuous description; and Mr. Temple Graham laughingly covered her with a superb suit of diamonds, to see how she looked in them. I shall never forget her, with her rich complexion, her coal-black hair, her majestic figure, as she sat there, again playing with the fan of red feathers, and smiling triumphantly as she shot glances of dazzling brilliancy at the circle round her.

I heard some Italians discussing her in the corner of the room as she sat thus.

"She is undeniably beautiful," said one; "but I would not risk my life in her hands."

"You are right," said another; "magnificent as she is, it is a beauty from which one shrinks—a beauty one fears."

And one of the elder bridesmaids whispered to me as we went to our rooms at night, "She does not care a straw for him; it is nothing but gratified pride and vanity. She likes his adulation. If he neglected her, she would kill him."

As we all separated for the night, we missed Lily. We wanted to assemble in her apartments in proper order in the morning, and we had still a few words to say to her; but we could not find her. I volunteered to run back to the drawing room, and see if she were there; and as I did so, I met her at the door, her hands full of her jewel-cases.

"I was just saying good-by to Mr. Temple Graham," said she; "he is so absurd, he would not bid me farewell before all the guests."

"And farewell for so long?" I exclaimed, laughing.

"Farewell till the momentous morn," she returned, gayly; and then we joined the five young girls who were waiting for us in Lily's room.

The morning dawned at last—bright as a bridal morning ought to be, beautiful as only an Italian morning can be; and we were all up with the dawn, in spite of our vigils. We decked Lily Vaughan in her snowy array, and we wreathed her lovely temples—you can see how lovely she must have been!—wreathed them with freshest orange-blossoms, heavy with fragrance; and then we asked for some of her jewels.

I do not know how it was, but we were all struck with a sudden silence when she answered,

"Mr. Temple Graham has them all."

"Mr. Temple Graham!" I echoed; "why, I thought I saw your hands full of the cases last night?"

"Of the cases, yes," she replied; "but those costly jewels ought not to be mine until I am his wife. After the ceremony, he will adorn me with them himself."

We all looked at her with a feeling of awe, so proud in heart, so ambitious in person, yet without an ornament of any sort or kind to accompany her extraordinary beauty; and it is you could not.

Mr. Temple Graham, therefore, was to come to the house, and join the bridal party there. He was to bring back the jewels, and not present them finally until the irrevocable ring was on her finger. This was her whim; we suspected it was her command. Be that as it may, we all proceeded to the suite of drawing-rooms, and placed Lily in what we laughingly called a stage-attitude. Two huge old tapestried chairs stood in alcoves in two corners of the room. We drew out one and seated her in it, grouping ourselves around her as artistically as we could; and when we had finished, we looked to see the effect. All was perfect, save that we were vexed at the color the bride-elect had turned. Helen, she had more the appearance of a spirit risen from the tomb than that of a living person; and I remember to this day that it struck a chill through us all. Had it not been for the sudden and bustling entrance of Sir William Dartmouth, the silence would have become painful.

But he came in with a bevy of gentleman-friends round him, ostensibly to ask if our clocks and watches all agreed with his, or if his had played him a trick.

"Temple Graham ought to have been here at half-past ten."

We all glanced at the clock. It was ten minutes to eleven. The cheeks of the bride could not well have been whiter than they had been all the morning; but it was now the turn of the bridesmaids. We all agreed afterwards that we actually felt ourselves grow pale; and as for Miss Dartmouth, she glided close to me, and whispered, clutching my arm, "Good Heavens! and he walked home in the dark with all those jewels on him!"

Of course, as the ten minutes passed, slowly, one by one, we counted each more breathlessly, and then eleven struck. Not a sound escaped our lips; but by degrees the gentlemen in the room slipped away; then the matrons dropped gradually off, all save Mrs. Vaughan, who moved nearer to her daughter. Then we heard a horse gallop down the hill which led up to the house, in the direction of the town. We could see from the windows all Florence stretched out before us, the white houses glistening in the sun. We could watch the rider galloping away, Helen; we saw him galloping back—and he was alone!

The news he brought was, that Mr. Temple Graham had not slept in his bed the previous night; that his servant, knowing he always let himself in when out late, had retired to rest, never entertaining a doubt as to his master's safety, and only knew of his absence on entering the empty room early the next morning. Even then he fancied some business connected with the wedding had detained him throughout the night at the Villa P——. So hours, valuable hours, were lost in prosecuting a search.

Such a search as was made for that missing man Florence had never known before. Every street, every house, every place under the sun of heaven, and even the swift flowing Arno, were searched; until at last, upon a heap of wood and dried leaves, some miles out of the town, in a lonely spot, as if he had crawled there to die, the body of Mr. Temple Graham was found, lying bathed and stiffening in the blood that had flowed from three deep stiletto-stabs in the back.

Time rolled on over the devoted head of Lily Vaughan, and we girls used to wonder amongst ourselves that the blow had not killed her. But no. Certainly we saw but little of her after the dreadful week of suspense, yet that little showed us how wonderful was her self-control; for she never shed a tear.

"But then," said Miss Dartmouth to me, the morning the Vaughans left the Villa P——, "I never thought she cared for him. She has felt the shock, and so have we. It is a question if she feels the loss, unless indeed it be of the jewels, for which most probably, thanks to her senseless whim, the man was murdered."

A year passed. We remained still in Italy, and the next we heard of Lily Vaughan was at Naples, where it seemed her beauty, her name, and her story were creating a perfect furor, not only amongst her own countrymen, but foreigners as well. The Neapolitans, however, are a most superstitious people. It was not long before they began to wonder in what consisted the marvellous fascination of the young English-woman. Some of them did not particularly admire her; but nevertheless they came under

the spell, and succumbed beneath her power. It did not surprise me when, soon after the expiration of the year of mourning strictly enjoined by that poor old mother (who really had some good taste and feeling about her), we were told that Lily was engaged to be married to a Neapolitan nobleman of immense wealth.

The world of Naples were taken by surprise when they heard of this intended match. The young nobleman in question was one of those who had never particularly admired Lily; and she had known it. Possibly this added spirit to her endeavors; at all events, she gained her point; and, as I said, very soon after her reappearance in society, she went about as the *fiancee* of the Marchese di Santa Fiorita.

This time I was not asked to the wedding; but I had an intimate friend staying at Naples, who saw the engaged couple every day, and told me every minute particular connected with the progress of affairs.

It seems the family of the Marchese were exceedingly averse to the match. They thought no one good enough for the eldest son of their proud house, much less an unknown young English lady—unknown save by a notoriety which they considered unenviable. But the inamorato was deaf and blind to every friendly remonstrance, and sunned himself in Lily's eyes from dawn till dewy eve. And so it went on, until at last the whispers about her grew into fearful hints. The feverish imaginations of the Neapolitans heated themselves into dark surmises, and the father of the young Santa Fiorita, a weak old man, superstitious and completely in the power of the priests, sent for his brother, a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church, resident in the south of Italy, whom he had not seen for years, to assist him in this case of perplexity and distress.

The Cardinale di Santa Fiorita was a very different man from his brother. Stern, rigid, and austere in every principle of his life, a bigot from the crown of the head to the sole of his foot, and of the most energetic character, he answered the letter of his brother in person, and arrived at Naples in an incredibly short time, with a large retinue of priests and attendants, and surrounded by all the pomp and parade of high clerical estate, thereby filling the minds of the Marchese's family with awe and terror, as well as preparing them to abide by any decision he might come to with abject submission.

As far as the obedience and respect shown him by the old Marchese and the ladies of the family, nothing could have been more complete; but the bridegroom-elect had yet to be dealt with; and the reverend and illustrious uncle was duly informed that that young man was sacrificing his soul to perdition in the most headlong, obstinate, impetuous, and blind manner,—nay, that he actually glorified in his frightful infatuation, and paraded himself about Naples with the object for whom he was about to immolate himself in the most reckless and unblushing manner. The Cardinale listened to all that was told him with intense attention, his lips compressed, and his eyes cast down; a priest at each elbow, and two more standing with folded arms behind, all praying silently for the soul trembling on the yawning abyss. He listened till he had heard all,—all about Lily Vaughan, her marvellous beauty, her fascination, her apparent amiability, and, at last, all her antecedents; for these had been ferreted out from her earliest youth by the sisters, the aunts, the female cousins. The Cardinale now knew all; and when the recital was ended, he drew a long breath.

"He shall be saved," said he.

"Then it will be by a miracle," said the despairing father, bowing his head and crossing himself.

"He shall be saved," repeated the Cardinale, looking at the four priests with a significant glance, and they all simultaneously bent assent; "but," he added, "I must see the lady; after that I will see my nephew; and then—"

That evening the Cardinale di Santa Fiorita, followed by his attendant train, passed through the suite of rooms lighted up for company; and as he swept through the bowing throng on his way to the oratory of the Palazza Santa Fiorita, it had been arranged that Lily Vaughan should stand where he could distinguish her from description, and see her well. This was not difficult. That commanding figure, nearly equal in height to his own, stood erect amongst the bending crowd, and met his glance with one of cold defiance. By her side stood the Marchese. People heard her say to him, as the Cardinale approached:

"You may bow—*I* shall not; but you must not leave my side."

The young man's answer was a look of devotion and confidence, and with a prond and happy smile on his lips he prepared to designate to his magnificent-looking relative, as he neared the group, the lady of his choice. With a movement of his hand, graceful but imperative—as if to say, "You see her, and you see that my infatuation is justifiable,"—Lily Vaughan was presented to the Cardinale, who suddenly, to the surprise and dismay of all present, made a full stop before them, and a dead silence ensued.

"Bernardo," said the priest, slowly, calmly, and so distinctly that every word was heard throughout the vast assembly—"Bernardo, a word with you; follow me."

The Marchese stood irresolute. He had evidently been prepared by his family for some such act of authority on the part of the Cardinale; and had it not been for the immediate presence of Lily Vaughan, no doubt the imposing circumstances of the scene would have had their due effect on him, since the name and fame of his uncle had been from infancy rung in his ears as a watchword of all that was awful and authoritative. As it was, it was only for a moment that he wavered; the next he had regained his erect and somewhat haughty bearing, and bowed a negative. And what gave him courage for so daring a breach of respect? who had changed his whole nature so completely that he had dared to defy a holy father of the church? It was the cold, clear, lustreus eye of Lily Vaughan, fixed upon him from the moment when first the Cardinale approached. Her lips too had moved, though those around had not caught the sounds that had issued from them.

But no doubt, to the ear of the Marchese, her words had had as great an effect as her eyes; *for* it was evidently by a most powerful effort that he resisted the calm command of the Cardinale. The latter, however, was not daunted by either the defiance of his nephew or the beauty of the intended. He still kept his eyes fixed on young Bernardo, although his countenance had undergone a slight change; the color had faded from it, and the muscles round his mouth quivered. Suddenly he laid his right hand on his breast, and bending the second and third fingers inward on the palm, he left extended the first and fourth.

Helen, the Neapolitans are naturally a superstitious race, as I said; but there is one superstition they cherish above all others. That sign made by the Cardinale caught many a quick dark eye, but none flashed with a greater expression of sudden terror than that of young Santa Fiorita. In spite of the glance of Lily Vaughan fastened on him—in spite of whispered words falling emphatically from her half-closed lips—in spite of even her jeweled hand laid on his arm—the sign blanched his cheek, and he staggered a pace or two forward. It was this movement that had made him at first look irresolute, and roused the indignation of Lily Vaughan; and since words were evidently of no avail, she tried the strong though imperceptible grasp of her glittering fingers. But no; it was too late.

"Bernardo," repeated the Cardinale; "you will follow me;" and the next moment the Marchese stepped out of the circle, his cheek bloodless, his lips quivering, and drops of agony standing on his brow, and joined the priestly train.

The whole scene had not occupied more than a few minutes. Yet as the crowd closed in after the group had passed on, a sort of chill seemed to have been thrown over the whole assembly, and furtive glances of alarm and suspicion were cast towards the spot where Lily Vaughan, with a flush in her eye and a curl on her lip, had proudly resumed her seat. This was her first appearance at the Palazza Santa Fiorita; she had been asked there for an especial purpose; that purpose had been fulfilled, and it was therefore her last as well. Two years afterwards, Helen, I heard of her again—I saw her again; but of this more hereafter. Suffice it to say, that when we next met she was still Lily Vaughan; that the Cardinale had left Naples the morning after her introduction to him at the assembly; and that from that hour to this, what became of Bernardo di Santa Fiorita, Heaven only knows; for no mortal eye ever beheld him again, and in no mortal ear was his name ever breathed by Neapolitan lips. He had dropped from among the circle of the living; but how, no one ever told, the world never knew. Some few might have heard the secret; but, at all events, it was kept inviolate, and that dark mystery in the family of Santa Fiorita remains unsolved to this day.

What the Neapolitans whispered among themselves, those who know the superstition may guess. Certain it was, that after that night Lily Vaughan never showed her face in the sunshine again, but departed from the city when the deep shadows of evening concealed from view that ill-fated form; and for two years she and her mother wandered about the Continent from place to place, going away whenever they became talked about, and feeling that society of all grades had begun to look shy at them; not at that poor old helpless mother, but at the beautiful, majestic girl, who was never seen but that inquiries would spring up, and then she was avoided, shunned, held in dread, looked on with distrust. People began to say that they had rather not have anything to do with them. In short, they could go nowhere without hearing these two stories revived and exaggerated; so that it did not surprise me to hear, in the spring of the year 183-, that Mrs. and Miss Vaughan had been seen landing, some weeks before, on the pier at Dover.

I will not say that I then shared the general feeling of shrinking from a rencounter with Lily Vaughan. It is true most painful and mysterious circumstances had marked her career since last we parted (in fact, so they had from her early youth); but still she had been my friend, and until the Neapolitan catastrophe I had even corresponded with her; therefore, though I cannot say I was ever fond of her, I looked forward to seeing her again at some time or another with a sort of interest considerably mixed up with curiosity. My own circumstances at this period were of a nature which led me to think with pity and sympathy on a being who had been the heroine of two such frightful mischances; for I was engaged to be married myself. At that time we were residing in Hampshire—my father, mother, and self—expecting hourly the return of a beloved brother from India with his regiment; and in due course of time he arrived. We filled our house, we invited all our neighbors; there was no end to the festivities we contrived and encouraged; and as autumn approached we found ourselves deep in engagements to the houses of the country families for the shooting and the hunting.

Helen, you never knew that brother of mine,—that idolized only son of our house; but if you can picture to yourself one for whom any one of us would gladly have laid down our lives, and for whom in our adoration we thought the earth itself barely good enough to walk upon, you may imagine what he was to us. But to continue. We were all staying, towards the close of October, at the beautiful seat of the master of the hounds, and had arranged one morning to meet at a place called Fenner's Farm, to see the hounds throw off. We were an immense party. All the hunt, of course, in their brilliant coats, and amongst them my brother, gallantly mounted on a superb animal, who pawed the ground impatiently, as his delicate nostrils puffed out the breath, like smoke, on the frosty air. How proud we were of him! how fondly we looked up at him from our little pony-phaeton, as he rode up to our side before they all started!

"I came to tell you," said he, as he bent down by our sides, "that there is the most beautiful creature in the hunt I ever saw in my life. If you see me riding by her side, instead of being after the fox, don't despise me. She is the most magnificent girl, and I can find no one to tell me who she is."

We laughed. We thought nothing of this sudden admiration; he had been so long unused to the society of ladies whilst moving about with his regiment in India, that we made allowances for his thinking every young creature he met a Peri; but when the master of the hounds himself rode up to us, and said—

"We have a new belle—a lady who will be in at the death, if her riding does not belie her appearance," then we felt curious to see her.

Helen, I was driving that day a pair of stout little black ponies, and in the seat behind sat he who was afterwards my husband, and an Italian friend, whom we wished to initiate into all the glories of an English hunting-field. His horse met him at Fenner's Farm; and as he threw himself on it, he said, laughingly,—

"I also—I will go and be fascinated;" and he rode away.

In a few moments more we heard the inspiriting cry of the hounds; we heard the rush of the whole hunt in the direction of the downs; and then, after a brief disappearance, we saw the matchless sight of a tiny speck flying for its life up the broad clear hill before us, the field at its heels one mass of red, with here and there a dark spot, and at the head of them all—a lady! How glorious and exciting seemed to me the sight of it that day! With what anguish and horror do I look back upon it now, though all these years have past!

In three hours stragglers began to return; but neither my brother nor our Italian friend. What news? we naturally asked.—A splendid run, was the reply; and a lady was in at the death—a lady was returning with the brush in her hat; and Lord D——, our gallant host and master of the pack, smitten over head and ears, had invited the lady and her mother, who was in one of the neighboring carriages, to come and stay at D—— Park until after the meet on the following Friday.

We now turned our ponies' heads towards home, leaving the gentlemen to follow when they pleased, satisfied that during the day no accident had happened to our treasure; but no sooner had we entered the park gates than a rider came galloping up the avenue after us. It was our Italian friend, breathless and agitated.

"Mademoiselle," said he to me, whilst he looked as if he had seen a spectre,—"Mademoiselle, I have had a great shock; nothing has happened, so forgive the alarm I have caused you by pursuing you thus; but I come to say I have had a great shock, and to prepare you. You must exert all your influence over your brother, or he is lost; he has been by her side all the day; he saw but her; he will live but for her, unless we act promptly. She has carried all before her to day; and she is coming on here to-morrow, to stay in the very house. Mademoiselle, I may protect myself, but I cannot protect your brother from the fatal power. Speak to him; see him directly; say to him that it is he alone who can save himself,—I can tell him how."

Count d' Ascoli paused, and, singularly enough, so far were we from guessing the truth, that we actually laughed at his agitation, laughed heartily as he passed his handkerchief over his streaming brow; and set it all down to Italian "exaltation." We said we must leave Trevor to take care of himself.

"But no," said he, vehemently; "if she *will* it so, he is doomed. He has rushed into it headlong; you must take him from it before it is too late; it is not until to-morrow that she comes."

"But who," we asked, "*is* this awful personage? Is the consternation universal?"

"No," he exclaimed, "*of* course not, because it is I only who recognize her; and you, mademoiselle, so lately in Italy, you must have surely heard of her? It is Miss Lily Vaughan!"

I will not deny that my mother started; and the reins dropped from my hands when he pronounced the name. It gave us both a turn which really seemed to make our blood run cold, although we certainly did not carry our superstitious terror so far as did Count d' Ascoli. But it startled us.—Lily Vaughan on the scene again! Lily Vaughan so near! Lily Vaughan to be in our very presence once more! Helen, we did not like it; yet what could we do? Her story was evidently unknown to all the guests in that lordly house; and though, no doubt, it would transpire, we did not like to be the people to tell it. We heard her rapturous praises the whole evening; we were told of her faultless face and figure, her perfect hunting costume, her splendid seat, and the fascination of her manner. These praises rang from lip to lip. The only silent voice was my brother's; and at night my mother called him into her room. She was nervous; she was uncomfortable; she said she felt it might be called foolish, but she could not get over her dread of Lily Vaughan; and she told him all her story.

"Will you go home with us, darling boy, before she arrives? I can very easily make some good excuse; and she will never know, perhaps, that we have been here, and have avoided her."

But no; Trevor laughed us and our fears to scorn. He was evidently much struck, more than he chose to show, and would not hear of leaving the field ignominously.

"I know who has been poisoning your minds; it is that absurd D'Ascoli. He behaved like a maniac in the field to day, making all sorts of wild signs with his fingers, and wanting to teach them to me. Trust me, mother, I can take care of myself. There is nothing against the character of Miss Lily Vaughan; she is the most lovely creature I ever beheld; and as I happen to be an Englishman, and not a frantic Italian, I see no necessity for believing in all sorts of superstitious horrors."

Helen, I am drawing to the close of my story—the fearful, agonizing close, which even to this day fills my heart with anguish and my eyes with tears. Suffice it to say, the following day she came; and in the evening Trevor was the lucky man, as he thought himself, to secure her arm and take her down to dinner. I confess I was impressed with her loveliness more that day than I had ever been before, and was obliged to give a reluctant assent to the good taste of my brother; but every look she gave him chilled me; every glance of admiration he cast upon her made me shrink; and when my mother and I talked it over that night, we agreed that he was already too far gone to be remonstrated with, though we positively trembled to think that in a few weeks, or perhaps days, she might for the *third* time announce herself as "engaged to be married." We were powerless; we could only watch, and wait, and pray against vain fears, and hope the best.

Her arrival was on Wednesday evening. We had but little conversation with her that night, for she was so surrounded. The next day I tried to talk to her; but I found that some invisible barrier seemed to have sprung up between us. She spoke and talked to me as though I had been but the acquaintance of a few hours, instead of the friend, almost the confidante, of years. She behaved with a sort of nervous reserve, and never once alluded to the past. She turned from me as soon as she could to go out with a party of gentlemen down to the warren to see some, rabbit-shooting (a new line she had struck out), and it was very evident that she was now Lily Vaughan anew, beginning life again under a phase quite distinct from that under which *I* had known her.

Helen, Friday morning dawned, bright, genial, and cheery; the ground moist and toe air fresh; a hunting morning to perfection; and the front of D—— Park was crowded with horses, carriages, and ponyphaetons, mine among the number. We were all standing on the flight of stone steps awaiting our turn either to drive off or to mount—as striking a group as any merry England could boast of; and the centre figure of it was Lily Vaughan, drawing on her white gloves, whilst her jeweled whip sparkled dazzlingly in the sun, and her scarlet feather waved in the breeze.

"Are you to win the brush again to-day, Miss Vaughan?" asked my brother, as he started forward to assist her to mount.

"Yes," was her answer, clear and ringing; "either you or I."

It was the last question I ever heard Trevor ask; it was the last sentence I ever heard *her* speak.

We all started. The carriages were to meet at the Hill Copse, as it was called; a pretty green on the skirt of a wood, from whence we commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. The hounds were a long time in finding, that day; but at last the well-known cry rang out over hill and dale, and the whole pack burst out and scoured up the open down, followed by the field, a lady at the head, a red feather streaming in the wind—Lily Vaughan, of course! On, on they went, up the hill, along the brow, and out of sight down the other side, till we thought we had lost them, when suddenly, across the high-road, about fifty or a hundred yards in advance of us, the hunted fox rushed madly, and with a simultaneous shriek of alarm, we watched to see if any rider would be mad enough to follow. I must describe to you the spot. The animal must have made an immense *detour*, and the noble spring he gave into the road would have drawn from us nothing but one cry of admiration, had we not felt that if by chance some runaway or over-excited huntsman, ignorant of the nature of the leap, were to approach the spot at full gallop, he could not stop himself in time, and to man and horse that leap must be death. But, Helen, we had no time for thoughts or fears or superstitions, before the whole pack of hounds came tearing through every possible hole in bush and brake, down the steep bank, over the wide ditch, across the road, and away, away, away, over a ploughed field after their panting prey. So far well; but in another moment other forms appeared at the top of the bank—a horse and its rider forcing their way through the thicket, and with one bold daring leap alighting with a faint shout of triumph in the road, and on, on, wildly again in the wake of the hounds. Good Heavens! the red feather! was she safe? Yes, safe; but our hearts stood still, the mother's heart and mine, when we felt what would follow. We saw in the distance numbers of the hunt bursting out of the hedge and across the same road; but they had chosen less dangerous spots; it was for *her*, for *her only*, to lead on her victim to death; and on he came. Trevor was close behind her; she turned as she gained the level ground, turned in her saddle and waved him on; and on he came. Had it not been for that one fatal look, that gesture luring him on, I think my luckless brother would have turned aside and found an opening lower down less hazardous. But no; he caught the glance and the gesture, and he urged on his horse. The animal made the spring, miscalculated the width of the ditch, stumbled on the edge, and my brother was hurled to the ground. The creature, as if maddened with alarm, and yet anxious to overtake the ringing feet of its companion, struggled up, and dashed on before we could reach the spot. Helen, it did not pursue its furious flight alone; the body of my brother was dragging at its heels with a heavy crushing sound, and till the animal reached the side of Lily Vaughan, and laid its mangled burden at her feet as she sat in the centre of the throng of huntsmen, it never stopped.—Hedged in then by numbers, it was secured; but long ere we and those who were in the carriage could reach the spot, my brother was a corpse; and Lily Vaughan, like a spectre, sat gazing down, as if in a dream, upon the appalling scene. I see her now as I saw her then. I shall never get the expression of her face out of my head, nor its connexion with those hours of intense anguish. The sight of her to-day brought it all back to me. And now, Helen, you know all—you know that woman's story.

"And Count d' Ascoli?" I asked half-fearfully,—what did *he* say?"

"He threw himself on the body; he behaved as if it had been his own brother; he was frantic; and all his cry was, 'The Evil Eye! the Evil Eye!'"

My friend paused. Her recital was finished; and for some time we sat in silent meditation. How singular, how horrible, was the story she had told me; how difficult for even a calm English mind to think that such a fatality, appertaining to one human being, was the result of mere chance and accident! But how still more dreadful for the chief actor and survivor of the fearful drama! No wonder she shunned the eye of man and woman; no wonder she veiled her face; no wonder she sought the quietest retreat wherein to hide herself. The only wonder was, that she had outlived it all.

"You cannot now be surprised, Helen," said my friend, as the evening wore on, "that I can no longer rest here. I must leave you as early as possible to-morrow morning; for if by chance she recognized me to-day, and were to seek me here, I do not lay claim to fortitude sufficient to bear the glance of that dreaded eye. It may be a superstition, but I was never yet thrown in her company without some misfortune happening; consequently, as early as possible to-morrow, I leave you."

And she went. By the time the sun began to stretch long lines of light along the esplanade, my friend was far away; and well it was, for before twelve o'clock in that day there came a ring at my door, and, with a face the color of a sheet, my servant came to ask if I would see Miss Lily Vaughan.

It may have been cowardice, or it may have been caution, and moral cowards and moral heroines may settle it between themselves; but all I know is, that I decidedly declined seeing Miss Lily Vaughan. Then came a message:—

"Would I favor her with the address of the lady with whom I had been seen walking the previous day?"

Fortunately (as I thought) I did not know it, and I sent my pale-faced maid with a message to that effect, and to add that my friend was gone.

"Yes," was Miss Lily Vaughan's reply, in a cold, hard voice, looking daggers at my messenger; "she knew that; *she had seen her leave Rockingbourne by the* 6 50 *train*."

Now, if my readers have gone through these pages, awed and impressed, I beseech them not to smile when I wind up the recital by declaring that, very soon after Miss Lily Vaughan had left my door, that pale-faced maid of mine was taken ill with what proved to be a long, tedious, and most dangerous attack, incomprehensible in character, and puzzling the doctors, who could give it no name but "gastric," their ordinating resource in obscure cases. Also that the letter I received ten days afterwards from my friend announced that she was only just recovering from spasms of the heart, which had well-nigh cost her her life. And for myself, unsettled by the story and the circumstance, I felt that Rockingbourne was no longer the place for my pleasure, and I left it—left it to Miss Lily Vaughan, the summer visitors all departed; and for aught I know she walks there still, up and down, backwards and forwards, night and morning, and may walk there till the life that animates her shall ebb away, like those senseless tides on the strand of Rockingbourne, so that I see her no more, that lady with the Evil Eye.

☞ The crier of an English country town convulsed the people by calling a meeting to "sympathize with the Prince of Wales on his approaching marriage."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is very little demand for Flour, the week's sales footing up only about 8000 bbls, chiefly for export, at $5,87½@6,25 for common to good superfine; $6,50@7 for extras; $7@7,75 for extra family; the latter for choice Ohio and Penna, and $8,25 for fancy Ohio. The sales to the trade have been limited within the same range of prices, and high grade fancies at from $8,50 to $9 ₱ bbl, as in quality. Rye Flour has declined, and about 500 bbls found buyers at $4,75 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal continues dull and neglected, and Brandywine is offered at $4,50 ₱ bbl without sales. Penna Meal is scarce and held at $4 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The market for Wheat, like Flour, has been unsettled and dull; sales comprise about 30,000 bus, chiefly Penna reds, in store, at 165@170c, mostly at 167@168c, including a sale of Southern at our highest figures, all-rail; white ranges at from 174 to 190c, as to quality, and prime lots scarce. Rye is in steady demand, with further sales of Penna at 110c. Corn is firm, and some 45,000 bus, mostly prime Southern yellow, found buyers at 89c, in the cars and afloat, and 92c for white. Oats are active, and further sales of 50,000 bus are reported at 80@83c, weight, and 50c measure. Barley and Malt are unchanged, with sales of the former at 146@155c, and the latter at 160 to 170c. Of Brown Stuff we note sales of 10,000 bus, mostly on terms kept private.

PROVISIONS—The market generally is very inactive and prices nearly nominal. Mess Pork selling in a small way only at about $15 for old and $16 for new. Beef is steady at $12@13 ₱ bbl for country and city Mess. Bacon moved off slowly at 9@12c for plain and fancy Hams, and 6@6¼c for Shoulders. Nothing doing in Sides. Of Green meats the sales are moderate at 7¼@7¾c for Hams in salt, 8½@8c in pickle, 6@6¼c for Sides, and 5¼@5½c for Shoulders in salt. Lard is quiet at 11@11¼c for Western bbls and tes, closing at the former rate for prime, and 12¼@13c for kegs. Butter is scarce but dull, roll selling at 24@26c, and packed at 15@16c, as to quality. Cheese is steady at 14@15c ₱ lb. Eggs are lower and quoted at 18@19c ₱ doz.

COTTON is dull, and prices unsettled, and 58@100 ₱ lb lower than last week. About 100 bales having been disposed of at from 60 to 72c cash, closing at about 65c for middlings.

ASHES remain unchanged but quiet for both kinds.

BARK—There is more inquiry for Quercitron, about 100 hhds 1st No 1 have been taken at $36 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is scarce and in request at fully former rates.

BEESWAX—Sales of 3000 lbs are reported at 46@47c ₱ lb, mostly at the latter rate for good yellow.

COAL—Orders are coming in more freely, and the market is firm at the advance. Prices range at from $4,75 to $5 ₱ ton for white and red ash free on board.

COFFEE—The stock is light and the market is steady, with sales of a few small lots only to note at 29½@32½c for Rio, 31@33c for Laguayra, and 30@31c for Jamaica, cash and time.

COPPER is dull, but for Yellow Metal prices are steady at 32c ₱ lb, on time.

FEATHERS are inactive, and selling in lots as wanted at 45@47c for Western.

FRUIT moves off as wanted at $3@4 ₱ bbl for Green Apples, 4@6c ₱ lb for Dried do, and 9@10c for unpared Peaches, the latter for prime bright halves.

HAY continues scarce and high, Timothy ranging from 90c to $1,10 the 100 lbs.

HEMP remains quiet.

HOPS are inactive, and selling moderately at from 25 to 28c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market is quiet; there is a steady demand for Pig Metal. Anthracite Pig Metal at from $36@38 for Forge and $36@37 ₱ ton for Foundry Iron, the latter for good No 1, and the sales light. Scotch Pig is quiet at $38@40 ₱ ton. In Manufactured there is a fair business doing.

LEAD is inactive, and Galena is offered at 8½c the 100 lbs.

LUMBER continues in good demand and firm. White Pine Boards sell at $31@32; do do Shingles $10@21; Yellow Sap Boards $20@21, and Hemlock Raft Lumber at $10 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market is unsettled and dull.

PLASTER—There is very little arriving, and prices range at $5@5,50 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—There is a fair offering of selling, and East India is steady at 7½@8½c ₱ lb, as to quality, with sales of 200 bags at 8c.

SEGARS—There is some little inquiry for Cheroots. About 1500 have been disposed of at $5,25@5,75, mostly at the latter rate, for prime. Timothy is quiet at $3@3,50 ₱ bus, and the sales are limited at $3,50 for rough. Recleaned Seed is selling for sowing at $4@4¼ ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—There is nothing doing in Brandy and Gin, and prices are nominally unchanged. N E Rum sells slowly at 68@70c. Whiskey is unchanged, bbls selling as wanted at 46@47c for drift, and bright and hogshead at 45@46c, and hogshead at 46@47c.

SUGAR—The market has been very inactive, some 500 hhds, mostly Cuba, found buyers at 9½@11¾c, on the usual terms, including 125 hhds damaged, sold by auction, at 6¾@8¾c, cash.

TALLOW is unsettled. Country is quoted at 10½@11c, and City at 11@11¼c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO moves off slowly at about previous rates. The demand is limited.

WOOL—The market continues almost at a stand-still, with a few sales only to note, including medium at 85@87c, and fine Fleece at 90@95c, net.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1197 head. The prices realized were from 10 to 12 cts ₱ lb. 125 Cows brought from $40 to 30 ₱ head. 3400 Sheep were sold at from 8½ to 9¾c ₱ lb gross. 700 Hogs at from $8 to 9,50 ₱ cwt, net.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Our Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

We last week spoke of the objection which had been raised against the Sanitary Commission, that its work was purely philanthropic; and we now refer to another, viz.: that it has salaried agencies. When it is known that but three per cent. of the receipts is absorbed by the paid agents, in view of the faithful discharge of their duties, their salaries will scarcely be objected to. The Rev. Dr. Hosmer, a delegate sent from Buffalo to visit the agencies of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, says that he was ashamed of the objections raised when he saw "these agents, so capable, so faithful, many of them superior men, nobly giving their services for small remuneration, or even gratuitously." Mr. Olmsted says of them, "They have proved their worth by laying down their health, almost without exception, and in some cases their lives, in our exacting and exposed service."

When these agents first entered upon their work, there was great prejudice existing against them in Hospitals and Camps; but so faithfully have they performed their various duties as to gain the entire confidence and approbation of those who opposed them most. Dr. Bliss, Medical Inspector on the Peninsula, said to Dr. Hosmer, while at Washington, "I say to everybody, work for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers, through the agency of the Sanitary Commission. I know their action. It is the best way of helping the suffering soldiers. There are piles of boxes and the ruins of goods, lying about here in the District, and in Virginia, sent by *somebody* and to *somebody*, but they have failed to reach their destination, and are wasted and lost. The Sanitary Commission puts the goods committed to it, right where they are needed."

We cut from a Portland paper, an amusing account of the manner in which one of army surgeon's prejudices against the Commission were overcome. (Copied from a Wisconsin paper.)

MR. EDITOR: In listening to the lecture of Captain B. last evening, my feelings reminded me very much of the stories of the old war-horse, which would rush back to battle on the sound of the drum or the roar of artillery. I was reminded of so much of what I had seen, that I felt much like telling my own experience with the National Sanitary Commission:

When I went to the field I found a large proportion of the surgeons, for some cause which I have not learned, opposed to that Commission. It of course took me but a little while to become strongly prejudiced and bitterly opposed. Every agent sent to inspect us was made the subject of not very flattering remarks. Every pamphlet which they issued was by-percolated. Last winter a number of surgeons met in my tent—the Commission soon became our subject—something must be written against it, and I must write it. I was full of the subject, and threw into my article all the force I could command. Just as I was finishing it the sound of artillery came booming over the land; heavier and heavier grew the roar—couriers arrive—a battle is fought at Drainesville. The surgeons dispersed to collect appliances for the wounded. The sufferers in the battle began to arrive. We had scarcely anything they needed. The noise of the battle had been heard in Washington, and by the time the wounded were undressed in came those Sanitary agents with the very articles of comfort which the Government had failed to supply. I laid the article I had written in my trunk, thinking I would finish it "at a more convenient season."

Time passed on, and we found ourselves on the Peninsula. In the haste of moving, most of the appliances of comfort had been left behind. For weeks we were almost wholly destitute of medicines, or any articles of diet for the sick. The battle of Lee's Mills commenced on the 16th (I think) of April, and continued through the next day. What should I do? I was almost without medicine, not withstanding that from day to day I had been striving for weeks to procure it. But I must say then was discovered a number of "those sanitary chaps, who are prying into everybody's business." Somehow or other they had the very things we needed. That night, after having finished my labors with the wounded, I went to my trunk, took out that article "on the sanitary," read a few lines. It did not read as well as I thought it would; so I raised a lantern and put it under, where it would not stare me in the face every time I looked in.

The battle of Williamsburg followed, and before the smoke of the battle had blown away, right along side of our army lay one of those ever present sanitary steamers, freighted not only with necessaries but with luxuries for the sick and wounded. They had only to be asked for and they were distributed without limit. Another shirt was thrown over my article to "Mr. Editor."

I was in charge of Liberty Hall Hospital at the time of the battle of Hanover Court House. Here both the sick and the wounded were crowded on me. Five hundred were piled in at one time. I had not a bed, not a dozen blankets, not a cooking utensil and nothing to cook. In vain did I appeal to the medical director, in vain did he appeal to higher authority. The necessaries of life even were not to be had. I begged, I pleaded—no use. In a few days after the battle, on the breaking up of other hospitals, the wounded who could not be sent to a distant hospital were sent to me, and some of them in the most loathsome condition, their wounds gangrenous, and alive with worms. Again I appealed for means of comfort, and now with such importunity that I was threatened with dismissal from the service. I proceed to pass to White House, twenty miles away. There I found the Sanitary boats. I told the Commission the story of the soldiers' suffering. Hundreds of clean shirts, blankets, bed sacks and pillows were packed in less time than it needs to read this article. Boxes of condensed milk, farina, hay soup, tea, coffee, sugar, oranges and lemons were sent off with astonishing alacrity. When I departed, there was not a state represented in that hospital but found an article which bore the marks of its home. New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, all were there, both with their soldiers and contributions.

As I laid one poor fellow, from Pennsylvania, to his bed, and he read upon a cover of the clean white sheet the name of both his family and home, the convulsive sobs with which he shook that building, could they have been heard in the streets of Milwaukie, would have shook coppers from heads which now spit venom at the soldiers. That whole hospital wept, and as I took my paper and put it in the very bottom of my trunk, I noticed that, somehow, a few watery spots had fallen among the lines.

On the retreat, in the seven days' fight, every mile of the march gave evidence of a presence, which moved in its charities, always ahead of the government.

The army arrived at Harrison's Landing. The sick had been sent ahead of us. In this connection I state but a single case in illustration: A young man from Milwaukie, in whom I felt a great interest, was found, after a long hunt, in an ambulance. He was spitting black bile, and had all the symptoms of an approaching attack of yellow fever. Government transports were at the wharf, taking on the wounded. I had the ambulance driven to the river and asked a place for this young man. It was denied, the transports were only to take the wounded. "But he is in more danger than hundreds of wounded." "Our orders are peremptory. We take only the wounded." Thirty hours here would be certain death. What could I do? I succeeded in getting to a transport which the Sanitary Commission had. I appealed to them. "We have only two hundred and forty on board—we will take him." He was sent to his home; and does the mother of that young man ever enter the Sanitary rooms without shedding tears of joy and thankfulness to that Commission? Without feeling that the means for furnishing the conveyance were, perhaps, drawn from the funds of other states? I pass over other scenes of suffering relieved which I witnessed at Centreville, at South Mountain, Crampton's Gap, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. At Antietam I took the paper from the bottom of my trunk, and lest I might see it again I burned it, and now declare on my word of honor, that I never wrote it, and that I will never do so again. SCRIPS.

But to go back to Dr. Hosmer's Report, from which we make another extract:

"For the sick and wounded we cannot do too much, so long as we do the right things. Let the munificence go through the Sanitary Commission; they have the means to follow the armies with their supplies, and if enough is given them, they will distribute for the relief of all. Let it not be thought that the Sanitary Commission have goods enough, or money enough. Their supplies go as fast as they come. The Commission has never been so well prepared to be largely useful as now; its agencies are established, it has learned to do the work that has come to its hands; the sick and the wounded have become a great multitude, and need increasing care and bounties; the supplies, though coming in every day with such large generosity, are kept very low, and meantime large demands, for future need, are probable and imminent. Since the first edition of this Report, the following emphatic and urgent letter has been received from the President of the Commission:

"'The cause grows more needy every day. The cries for aid are more urgent and heartrending. All we can do leaves enormous suffering behind, and many are so blind as to hold us responsible for the misery we have not the means to alleviate. We are all the while *judged by what we do not* do; not as we should be by *what we do*. No matter if we relieve 10,000—if there remain 5,000 unrelieved it is our fault! as if any voluntaering, self sustaining agency could do all this.'"

In view of all these facts, who, in village, or city, or country, will not give through the Sanitary Commission for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers? The Commission can do nothing alone; the great streams of its noble munificence are made by ten thousand little rills—let every rill swell to a brook, and every brook to a river."

☞ A little girl by the name of Medora Fizell has already held a Fair, and sent the proceeds to the Women's Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. She did not leave her address, and if this should meet her eye, we would like her to send it to the Commission. We hope that her example will be followed by other children who feel an interest in our suffering soldiers.

☞ "The most gentlemanly man I ever met in my life," said Lord Byron, in depreciation of appearances, "was a pickpocket." M. Houdin, too, of whom none can say "that he is no conjurer," seems to award the palm for elegant demeanor and address to the fashionable cardsharper. After which two opinions, let no man boast himself of mere external advantages.

☞ At the age of fourteen Washington Irving had determined to elope and go to sea. We may smile at being told that the great obstacle to carrying out his intention was his abhorrence of salt pork. To overcome this he made it a practice to eat the obnoxious viand at every opportunity; and he prepared himself for the hardships of a sailor's life by getting out of bed and lying upon the bare floor. "But the discomforts of this regimen soon proved too much for his perseverance; with every new trial the pork grew less appetitious, and the hard floor more hard, until at length his faltering resolution came to a total collapse."

☞ Let every follower of Christ remember that the statue that is placed on a pedestal must be larger than life.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER, 513 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, 8vo Iron Building, Baltimore.
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McNALLEY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ BENEFITS OF DISSECTION.—Speaking of the inestimable benefits surgery has derived from anatomy, Macaulay, the historian, said:—

"The horse of Leopold, Duke of Austria (who imprisoned our Richard Cœur-de-Lion,) fell under him and crushed his leg. The surgeons said the limb must be amputated, but none of them knew how to amputate it. Leopold, in his agony, laid a hatchet on his thigh, and ordered his servant to strike with a mallet. The leg was cut off, and he died of the gush of blood. Why, there is now no bricklayer who fails from a scaffold in England, who cannot obtain surgical assistance infinitely superior to that which the sovereign of Austria could command in the twelfth century!"

☞ The fruit of California is astonishing. No market in the world surpasses it. There are no worms in the apples, no curculios in the plums or cherries. The rosebush is covered with flowers from January to December.

☞ The moon is so old, that, if it is made of green cheese, it is unquestionably inhabited.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. E. W. Hatter, Mr. J. BOLTON ELMORE, to Miss EMMA F. HERRO, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. JOHN H. CRAWFORD, to Miss ELIZABETH K. GILBERT, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM P. HALT, to Miss MARIA C. GAUM, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. Gilbert, L. T. HELMBOLD, to Miss EMMA DILL, both of this city.

On the 5th of Jan. by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, JOHN R. SHOEMAKER, to Miss MAGGIE TOWNER, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Danl. Gaston, WILLIAM CROZER, to Miss SARAH A. SOLOMON, both of this city.

On the 12th of Jan. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. DAVID H. ALLEN, of the U. S. Navy, to Miss LYLA A. E. youngest daughter of Wm. P. Jones, Esq. of New York, and the late Sarah Ann, deceased, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, GEORGE WINEY, in his 74th year.

On the 7th instant, GEORGE MOYER, late of Roxborough, in his 62d year.

On the 7th instant, ANNA P. wife of Thomas Hassell, aged 77 years.

On the 6th instant, Mr. JOHN SUMMERS, aged 66 years.

On the 6th instant, JOHN SHELVEY, aged 36 years.

On the 5th instant, Mr. JAMES DALLAS, in his 50th year.

On the 5th instant, THOMAS BURTON, son of the late Elisha Burton, aged 36 years.

On the 4th instant, ELIZABETH KNIGHT, in her 61st year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. SARAH A. HARRINGTON, aged 55 years.

On the 3d instant, SAMUEL M. MANN, in his 35th year.

On the 2d instant, Mr. THOMAS Y. MORRIS, in his 45th year.

On the 4th instant, ANN AMBLER, wife of the late John Ambler, in her 79th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 11, 1863.

Alabama	50 dis.	Mississippi,	5 dis.
Canada,	3 @ 5 prem.	Missouri,	10 dis.
Connecticut,	1 dis.	New Brunswick,	20 prem.
Delaware,	1 dis.	New Hampshire,	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia,	1 dis.	New Jer ey, par to	1 dis.
Florida,	50 dis.	New York City,	1 dis.
Georgia,	60 dis.	New York State,	1 dis.
Illinois,	5 dis.	North Carolina,	60 dis.
Indiana,	1 to ½ dis.	Nova Scotia,	16 prem.
Iowa,	1 dis.	Ohio,	½ dis.
Kansas,	1 dis.	Pennsylvania, par to	1 dis.
Kentucky,	1 dis.	Rhode Island,	1 dis.
Louisiana,	1 dis.	South Carolina,	20 dis.
Maine,	1 dis.	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	1 to 1 dis.	Texas,	1 dis.
Massachusetts,	1 dis.	Vermont,	1 dis.
Michigan,	1 dis.	Virginia,	35 dis.
Minnesota,		Wisconsin,	4 dis.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS

FOR THE

CARD PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND OTHERS.

For a list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to

DEACON & PETERSON,
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SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
No. 114 S. THIRD STREET.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

On and after JULY 1st, 1862, the privilege of converting the present issue of LEGAL TENDER NOTES into the NATIONAL SIX PER CENT. LOAN (commonly called "Five-Twenties") will cease.

All who wish to invest in the Five-Twenty Loan must, therefore, apply before the 1st of July next.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
apl-13t No. 114 S. THIRD ST., PHILADA.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

NEW YORK, November, 1861.

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with *valuable improvements* at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with
Full Case, Polished Rosewood, $100,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood, 80,00
Half Case, Paneled, Black Walnut, 70,00
Plain Table, 65,00

No. 3 MACHINE, PLAIN, with
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany, $55,00
Half Case, Paneled, 50,00
Plain Table, 45,00

The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE POST—*see Prospectus*. We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

MR. CHURCH'S NEW PICTURE,

UNDER NIAGARA.

Painted from studies made on the "Maid of the Mist," now on exhibition at HENRY BOOL'S store, 724 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Admission 25 cents.
apl1-2t JOHN McCLURE.

DR. TOBIAN'S VENETIAN LINIMENT has given universal satisfaction during the fourteen years it has been introduced into the United States. After being tried by millions, it has been proclaimed the pain destroyer of the world. Pain cannot be where this Liniment is applied. If used as directed it cannot and never has failed in a single instance. For Colds, Coughs and Influenza, it can't be beat. One 25 cent bottle will cure at the above, besides being useful in every family for sudden accidents, such as Burns, Cuts, Boils, Insect Stings, &c. It is perfectly innocent to take internally, and can be given to the oldest person or youngest child. Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. Sold by all Druggists. apl8-ow3t

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Contained in the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c., supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By inclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, *single copies* may be had of the author.
NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq.
Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.
apl8 1t

UNITED STATES
SANITARY COMMISSION,
NO. 1307 CHESTNUT STREET.

To all who have friends in the Army:—Soldiers' Aid Societies, Clergymen, Editors and others are respectfully requested to aid in disseminating the following notice, which is of interest to all who have friends in the Army:—

DIRECTORY OF THE HOSPITALS.

The Sanitary Commission have made arrangements for supplying information gratuitously with regard to patients in the United States General Hospitals at the following points (others will be added):—

PHILADELPHIA DEPARTMENT.—For information, address Office Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut Street.

Philadelphia,	Germantown,	Chestnut Hill,
Chester,	Reading,	Harrisburg.

NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.—For information, address Office Women's Central Union, No. 10 Cooper Institute.

New York, N. Y.	Brattleboro', Vt.	
Portsmouth Grove, R.I.	Albany, N. Y.	
Burlington, Vt.	Boston, Mass.	
New Haven, Conn.	Newark, N. J.	

EASTERN DEPARTMENT.—For information, address Office Sanitary Commission, Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C.	Point Look-out, Md.
Frederick, Md.	Fairfax, Va.
Annapolis, Md.	Baltimore, Md.
Georgetown, D. C.	Annapolis, Md.
Alexandria, D. C.	Aquia Creek, Va.
	York, Pa.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT.—For information, address Office Sanitary Commission, Louisville, Ky.

Louisville, Ky.	Louisville, Ky.
Columbus, Ohio.	Covington, Ky.
Cleveland, Ohio.	Lexington, Ky.
Camp Dennison, O.	Danville, Ky.
Cincinnati, Ohio.	Perryville, Ky.
Philipolis, Ohio.	Bowling Green, Ky.
Quincy, Ill.	Memphis, Tenn.
Mound City, Ill.	Clarksville, Tenn.
Jeffersonville, Ind.	Jackson, Tenn.
Evansville, Ind.	Murfreesboro' Tenn.
New Albany, Ind.	Vicksburg, Miss.
St. Louis, Mo.	La Grange, Tenn.
Ironton, Mo.	Gallatin, Tenn.
Rolla, Mo.	Nashville, Tenn.
Springfield, Mo.	Corinth, Miss.
Keokuk, Iowa.	Helena, Ark.
Davenport, Iowa.	Grafton, Va.
Pedicah, Ky.	Point Pleasant, Va.
Bardstown, Ky.	Parkersburg, Va.
Lebanon, Ky.	Clarksburg, Va.
Columbus, Ky.	Charlestown, Va.

Information will, under ordinary circumstances be given to any one applying for it, in answer to any or all of the following inquiries. If the application is by letter the answer will be sent by return of mail. If in person, it will be answered at once.

1. Is —— (giving the name and regiment) at present in the Hospital of ——?
2. If not, what is his proper address?
3. What is the name of the Surgeon or Chaplain of the Hospital?
4. If not in Hospital at present, has he recently been in Hospital?
5. If so, did he die in Hospital, and at what date?
6. If recently discharged from Hospital, has he discharged from service?
7. If not, what were his orders on leaving?

More specific information as to the condition of any patient in the Philadelphia Hospitals will be furnished within twenty-four hours after a request to do so is received at the office, No. 1307 Chestnut street. The office of the Directory will be open daily (Sundays excepted) from 9 A. M. to 6 o'clock P. M.

The Commission receives no pecuniary aid whatever from Government, and is wholly dependent on the voluntary contributions of the public for the means of sustaining its operations. Such contributions are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by CALEB COPE, Esq., Treasurer, N. E. corner of MINOR and SIXTH Streets, Philada. apl1-3t

WITHERS & PETERSON,

39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7-3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
ap26-1y

Palmer's PATENT LEG & ARM 624 & 626 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA

B. FRANK PALMER,

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; ACADEMY OF NEW HIGH AMPUTATIONS;

INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609

THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the fitting of every limb, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" under the New Patents, for unequaled perfection. *Thousands of these limbs are now in use*, and in every case, and a gallery of *gold and silver medals* of "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world, attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for persons in need of limbs, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address
B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

GOLD! GOLD!—Full instructions in Venereal disease and how to win the undying love of the opposite sex, sent by mail to any person for 5 cts. Address JAGGERS & HANDLEY,
ap18-2t Calhoun, Illinois.

NOT ALCOHOLIC.

A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED VEGETABLE EXTRACT.

A PURE TONIC.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

PREPARED BY

DR. C. M. JACKSON,

Philadelphia, Pa.

Will effectually cure

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach,

such as

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

And will positively prevent Yellow Fever, Bilious Fever, &c.

THEY HAVE

NO ALCOHOLIC OR ALL WHISKEY.

They will cure the above diseases in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

Are not a new and untried article, but have stood the test of fifteen years' trial by the American public, and their reputation and sale are not rivaled by any similar preparation.

The Proprietors have thousands of letters from the most

CELEBRATED

CLERGYMEN,

PHYSICIANS

AND

CITIZENS,

Testifying, of their own personal knowledge, to the beneficial effects and wonderful virtues of these Bitters.

DO YOU WANT TO BE RESTORED TO PERFECT HEALTH?

DO YOU WANT TO BUILD UP YOUR CONSTITUTION?

DO YOU WANT TO FEEL WELL?

DO YOU WANT TO GET RID OF NERVOUSNESS?

DO YOU WANT ENERGY?

DO YOU WANT STRENGTH?

DO YOU WANT TO SHAKE AND VIGOROUS FEELING?

If you do, use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

FROM REV. E. NEWTON BROWN, D. D. PASTOR OF THE FIFTH BAPTIST CHURCH.

PHILADELPHIA, June 23, 1861.

DR. JACKSON—Dear Sir:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicine, but, regarding such practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined. But with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, and express my full conviction that *for Debility, and all complaints supposed to arise from a Torpid Liver, it is a safe and valuable preparation.* In some cases it may fail, but usually, I believe, the patient will be very thankful for those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully,
J. W. KENNARD,
Eighth below Union Street, Phila.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 20 to 30 cents per gallon, the trade denounced by Jaggs as Coffin Nail.

This class of Bitters has caused, and will continue to cause, much injury as long as they are sold, hundreds to the death of the drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually craving for more liquor, and the appetite of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is created and fastened upon the victim, and the result is a drunkard's life and death.

*For those who desire to use, and WILL HAVE a Liquor Bitter, we publish the following receipt for ONE BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS and mix with THREE QUARTS OF GOOD BRANDY OR WHISKEY. It is a preparation that will FAR EXCEL in medicinal virtues any other *excellent* preparation of Liquor Bitters in the market, and will CONSEQUENTLY PROVE to all know all the virtues of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS a combination of GOOD LIQUOR and BITTERS, at a much less price than the *inferior* proportions will cost.*

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!

AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of soldiers and their friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases contracted by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the table published a month ago in the papers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large number of those who are suffering from the disease of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Because resulting from disorders of the digestive organs which a good tonic will restore. We have no hesitation in stating that if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives would be saved that otherwise will be lost.

We call particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated case of one of the nation's heroes, whose life, in our humble opinion, has been saved by the Bitters.

PHILADELPHIA, August 2d, 1862.

MESSRS. JONES & EVANS—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters have stood my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whom were with me in the battle in which we were fully engaged of all the circumstances of each case. I am sound to-day, and have passed through a number of Sherman's successful battles, and under the immediate command of Captain H. A. Arnold. Then I had the operation performed on my ankle which you know I was able and on duty with Indianapolis one of the best batteries in the service, when I died in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, combined by an attack of fever, from which I was relieved from the White House and sent to this city on board of the steamer Daniel Webster, where I arrived on the 26th of June. Since that time I have been confined to one of the hospitals in this city as a sergeant of artillery. For a week or more I was scarcely able to speak or swallow anything, and was reduced down. I was immediately thrown up as a corpse. Then I had the appearance of cholera, with a stomach, life and soul not under these circumstances, I commenced taking the Bitters, and in a few days I was able to walk about

Wit and Humor.

AN ART ITEM.

The last thing which stirred in my world —I mean in my workshop in the Studio Building—was a German carpenter. At least, he had a side pocket, and a folding two-foot rule, with a shaving on his left curl.

"Rece you a poor-trait bainter?" he inquired.

"Truly I am!" I replied.

"I wante you to baint de likeness to my fader."

"With pleasure, bring him here."

"Yas—see now, dat is not bossible. He lies geburied in the purying-ground in Stuttgart, in Shermany."

"Well, have you a photograph of him?"

"*Nicks* photograph."

"Or a bust?"

"*Nicks* bust."

"Or a drawing?"

"*Nicks* trawing."

"Or an engraving?"

"*Nicks* craving."

"Well, what have you got?"

"I got *dis* dings."

Saying this, he brought forth a small book, greatly worn, which he slowly opened, and unfolded from it a broad leaf, adorned with German emblems and cragged pothook inscriptions which looked like lager-beer signs.

"What is that?"

"Dis is mein fader's passport. Look eat readt! Plue eyes, proun hair, round *kinn*, pig moof—and all dat, so fort. He hafe a goot deal of expression like mine."

(Where this latter could have been, I could not imagine)

"Yas—and he wear a plue gote."

"Oh, a *goatee*, I suppose, on his chin?"

"No. It was a plue gote on his pack. He hafe a peered like mein, und look like mein. Put mein fader was a more older man dan me."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Yas. Baint him mit a pipe on a taple, und mit a girl on his hands."

"*What!*"

"Yas—mine leetle daughter. I prings her here to be colored."

It was a bold thing to do; but on this small capital I went to work, and succeeded. At least, Jacobus Hirchelheimer said so, and *he* ought to know, for he was a first rate fellow, and sent me a present over and above the price agreed upon. A suspicion seemed indeed to haunt his mind that the portrait resembled himself much more than it did the late Herr Kirchelheimer *pere*,—but he speedily found comfort in the following reflection:—

"Yes I kits to be more older, it will do shoost as goot for mine picture as for de old one."

CAN A CARPET-BAG EAT?

It was but a few days ago, while traveling upon the cars between Cleveland and Columbus, that a train stopped at a small village, the conductor crying out,

"Fifteen minutes for dinner."

The passengers, of whom there happened to be a large number, rushed into the dining apartment and took seats at the table, one of them depositing his carpet-bag in the chair next to him. At the usual time the landlord came round to make his collection, calling upon the aforesaid passenger for his payment for dinner.

"How much?" asked the passenger.

"Eighty cents," replied the landlord.

"Eighty cents for dinner?—why, that is extortionate."

"No, sir, it is not extortionate. Ain't that your carpet-bag?"

"Yes, sir, that is my carpet-bag."

"Well, that carpet-bag occupies a seat, and, of course, I must charge for it."

"Oh! is that the case? Well, here's your eighty cents."

Turning to the carpet-bag, the passenger remarked:

"Well, Mr. Carpet Bag, as you have not had much to eat, suppose we take something," at the same time opening its mouth, and turning therein half a ham, a roast chicken, a plate of crackers, and sundry other articles, amid the roars of laughter of the other passengers.

The prevailing opinion among the passengers was, that the carpet-bag won.

WHAT SHE SAID.—A young fellow had married a stout maiden, lady of uncertain age, and a friend who was joking him on the subject, desired to know what she said when the question was popped.

"Said she would have me, to be sure."

"Yes, but how did she say it?"

"Like a sensible woman, as she is."

"But what were the words she used?"

"Well, hang you, if you must know, she said—"I don't see how you came to think of marrying me, for I am forty years old and weigh two hundred!"

☞ "Going, going, going," cried out an auctioneer. "Where are you going?" asked a passer-by. "Well," replied the knight of the hammer. "I'm going up to the Zoological Gardens, to tell the managers that one of their baboons is loose."

☞ "I'll pay your bill at sight," as the blind man said to the doctor, who had in vain attempted to cure him of blindness.

A HARD WIND.

Old Peter H—— lived in a one-story wooden house of not very extensive dimensions and when it was subjected to the force of one of those hurricanes so numerous of late years at the west, its powers of resistance were insufficient to withstand so great a pressure, and it yielded the point without a struggle—however, it was not upset, nor torn to pieces, but merely moved a few rods. In the course of the journey the stove was upset and the fire split out, and the danger of conflagration was imminent. Old Peter was too much excited to notice the removal of his house, and seeing the necessity of immediately applying water to the burning embers on the floor, he seized a bucket and darted out behind the house, when great was his astonishment to find all the traces of his well obliterated. After looking in blank astonishment a moment, he called to his wife:

"Sarah, I'll be blamed if the wind has not blown the well clear out of the lot! There is not so much as a stone left!"

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh! the old, old clock of the household stock
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice bf friendship faltered!

"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick, to bed—
For ten I've given warning;
Up, up, and go, or else you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning!"

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly;

"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, out of bed,
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning."

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever!
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone
That warmed beat and younger;
Its hands still move—though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!

"Tick—tick," it said—"to the church-yard bed,
The grave hath given warning—
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a Heavenly morning!"

THE BREAKING OF AN EGG.

A young couple had passed the first few weeks of their marriage at the house of a friend. Having at length occupied their new home, they were taking their first breakfast, when the following scene took place:—

The young husband was innocently opening a boiled egg in an egg-cup. The bride observed that he was breaking the shell at what she thought the wrong end.

"How strange it looks," said she, "to see you break your egg at the small end, my dear! No one else does so; and it looks so odd."

"Oh, I think it is quite as good, in fact, better than breaking it at the large end, my love; for when you break the large end the egg runs over the top," replied the husband.

"But it looks very odd when no one else does so," rejoined the wife.

"Well, now, I really do think it is not a nice way you have got of eating an egg. That dipping strips of bread and butter into an egg, certainly is not tidy. But I do not object to your doing as you please, if you will let me break my egg at the small end," retorted the husband.

"I am sure my way is not quite as bad as eating fruit pie with a knife, as you do, instead of using a fork; and you always eat the syrup as if you were not accustomed to have such things. You really do not see how very bad it looks, or I am sure you would not do so," added the wife.

"The syrup is made to be eaten with the pie; and why should I send it away on the plate?" asked the husband.

"No well-bred persons ever clear their plates as if they were starved," said the bride, with a contemptuous cast of her head.

"Well, then, I am not a well-bred person," replied the husband, angrily.

"But you must be, if we are to live comfortably together," was the sharp answer of the fastidious lady.

"Well, I *must* break my egg at the small end, so it does not signify; and I must also eat the syrup."

"Then I will not have either fruit pie or eggs at the table."

"But I will have them," petulantly exclaimed the husband.

"Then I wish I had not been married to you," cried the young wife, bursting into tears.

STREET ARAB.—"You see this 'ere 'oavy swell a-coming along 'ere? Wery well, he's my medikle man!"

[Alas, we recognized in the subject of this boast a young friend and Prison Surgeon!]

"And so do I," added the now incensed husband, as he rose and walked out of the room.

This domestic quarrel was followed by others equally trifling in their origin and disgraceful in their character, until the silly couple made themselves so disagreeable to each other that their home became unendurable.

A BEAUTIFUL ENCAMPMENT.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

Our engraving on the first page, for which we are indebted to Frank Leslie's paper, shows that the tents of the 17th Division have been pitched in pleasant places. Says Mr. Henri Lovie:—

"I have not seen a position anywhere along the Mississippi River, or anywhere else, which offers such inducements for an army 'to stay awhile' as the banks of this beautiful lake. There is a little town on the landing, which is only fit and therefore only occupied for negro quarters and sutler shops. The lake is immediately back of the village, and not more than a quarter of a mile from the river. Immense cotton-fields stretch away on both sides of it, and beautiful residences, surrounded by elaborate gardens full of Southern shrubbery, adorn its banks. Spring is already well advanced in this latitude; the trees are budding, and the grass, studded with flowers, is covering the roadsides and gardens. Thousands of singing birds inhabit the groves. Out of my window I see the mocking-bird, the redbirds, the bluebirds, the jays and orioles chasing each other amid the evergreens, and every little while an immense flock of blackbirds comes chattering and chirping across the lake. Close to the lake, shading the road, the original trees of the forest stand in groups, covered with the long gray moss, gloomy and ancient, and large cactus plants, called Spanish daggers, fence its waters.

"The soldiers are encamped all along the lake, and are in splendid spirits and condition. Not one of them thinks of getting sick in such a place as this, where they can have all sorts of amusements. Boat-building was the first business they entered into; and now the lake is covered with all sorts of floating machines, with soldiers rowing, paddling and sailing along. Fishing is excellent, and ducks and geese are plenty. The foraging parties come back laden with turkeys and chickens, and the appetites of the soldiers are sharpened by games of football, &c., on the flat fields.

"Major-General McPherson has his headquarters at the residence of Dr. Sellers, the prettiest place on the lake. His corps is in splendid condition, the discipline of the troops very superior, and what I have seen of the General and his management confirms me in the belief, shared by others, that, God sparing his life, his name will be found amongst the most distinguished men of the war."

☞ An elegantly-dressed young lady recently entered a railway carriage in Paris, where there were three or four gentlemen, one of whom was lighting a cigar. Observing her, the Frenchman asked if smoking would incommode her? She replied: "I do not know, sir; no gentleman has ever smoked in my presence."

☞ COCKED HATS.—George D Prentice says President Lincoln has knocked too many men into cocked hats, and too few out of them.

☞ What does a person "*beat* on revenge" straighten himself up with?

☞ No man can know the value of time until he awakes in eternity.

TEACH CHILDREN TO HELP THEMSELVES.—The thoughtless mother who hourly yields to the requests—"Mamma, tie my pinafore," Mamma, button my shoe, and the like, cannot be persuaded that each of these concessions is detrimental; but the wiser spectator sees that if this policy be long pursued, and be extended to other things, it will end in hopeless dependence. The teacher of the old school who showed his pupil the way out of every difficulty, did not perceive that he was generating an attitude of mind greatly militating against success in life. Taught by Pestalozzi, however, the modern instructor induces his pupils to solve the difficulties himself.—*Herbert Spencer.*

Agricultural.

SORGHUM—EVAPORATORS.

There are two leading kinds of sugar, known as *cane sugar*, and *grape sugar*. Cane sugar is obtained from the southern cane, from the sap of the maple, from the juice of beets, etc. Grape sugar is found in raisins, in those fruits and plants generally which possess sour or acid juices, and in honey. It can also be produced artificially from starch, from woody fibre, from cotton, etc. Cane sugar contains 12 atoms of carbon, united with the elements of 11 atoms of water, while grape sugar contains 12 atoms of carbon and 14 atoms of water. We can change cane sugar into grape sugar by a chemical process, which will cause the former to take up the extra atoms of water in chemical combination. But cane sugar cannot be produced artificially. It is only made by some secret process of nature within the plants themselves. Cane sugar readily takes a solid form of regular six-sided hard crystals. Grape sugar crystallizes slowly and imperfectly, as is the case with solidified honey, and the crystals are irregular, ill-defined, and usually in needle-shaped tufts. A third kind of sugar, sometimes called *fruit sugar*, is entirely uncrystallizable, like that found in molasses, etc.

The above distinctions are important, in reference to the new plant, Sorghum. If the main portion of the sweet element be grape sugar, we cannot hope for great success in manufacturing solid cane sugar from it, while it may be a source of sweetening in the form of molasses and grape sugar; for, as stated above, grape sugar cannot be transformed into the crystallizable cane sugar. A scientific correspondent of the American Agriculturist offers the following suggestions. We cannot say how near right he may be, but his suggestions are worthy of investigation. He says:—"It is amusing to note the claims put forth by the different makers of evaporators, with regard to the superior power their particular inventions have over all others, to extract sugar from sorghum. *The fact is, that sorghum and imphee contain very little sugar that will crystallize, but a great deal that is uncrystallizable; and no evaporator can produce any more of the former, than the juice naturally contains.* While crystallizable sugar can readily be converted into the other kind, there is no process yet known by which the operation can be reversed. Exposure to heat in contact with the air will convert cane sugar into the uncrystallizable sort, or molasses. One of the greatest improvements in sugar refining is the vacuum-pan, a closed evaporator from which the air is pumped. In this the syrup is evaporated without coming in contact with the air, and at a much lower temperature than if exposed. It is very apparent that the value of sorghum and its allies, as a source of *sugar*, will never be increased by the inventive genius of evaporator makers. We must look to some new variety, or remarkable improvement in the old, before we can get a large amount of crystallizable sugar from this source."

CURING BAD HABITS IN HORSES.

I have heard that there is no remedy for a runaway horse so effective as a flogging. He must needs gallop; well, my friend, then gallop. I have a good pair of spurs on—in they go. I have a whip, hard, pliant, heavy—lay on thick. Here is a nice steep hill—up we go. Here is a deep-ploughed field—oh, yes, keep up your pace, and how do you like it? I remember a horse-dealer who always cured a fault by indulging it. He had once a brute sent to him which occasionally stood still. Farmer Winstcoat had flogged him, and he would not move for an hour. Well, this man took the beast, put him in his break, and drove off. In ten minutes, he came to a dead stand. Breaker said nothing, did nothing. Horse didn't quite know what to reply, tried to look back with his ears, waited half an hour, and then began to move on. No, my friend, said the breaker; you stay here all day. The farmers passed him going to market with uncomplimentary greetings. What, can't *you* make him move? Breaker doesn't look put out, though. Tck! Farmers drive on, show their samples, dine at the ordinary, and jog home a trifle merrier, late in the afternoon. Breaker still there, master of the position. The horse never stopped again.

THE CHINESE ARBORVITAE.—It is known to all who cultivate this variety of the arborvitae, that it becomes very thin and ragged in a year or two, and makes a very shabby appearance. Some become so much annoyed with them, that they throw them out; while others retain them for the time-being as better than nothing. Now, it should be known that the whole evergreen family stands pruning to any extent. You can't kill them; the arborvitaes especially. Therefore, when your Chinese begin to look shabby, lop the entire branches off to the very top, not too closely, however, to the main stem, say within an inch—and in two years you will have a much handsomer tree or bush than when taken from the nursery. The proof of this we have upon our own premises.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

WASH FOR FRUIT TREES.—Put a pailfull of water in a tub, and stir in three quarts fresh cow manure, one quart soft soap, two quarts sifted wood ashes, and add urine enough to make the mixture of the consistence of whitewash. Apply this to the trunks and limbs of the tree early in June, with an old broom. The manure and ashes form a coating which the rain gradually removes, leaving a clean, glossy bark, and also carrying fertility into the soil.

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO MAKE HARD SOAP.—Take 3 pounds of unslaked lime, and 6 pounds of soda, and put in 6 gallons of water. When they are dissolved, pour off the water from the top, (throwing the sediment away,) and add to it 6 pounds of fat. Boil till thick, pour in a tub, and when cold, cut in bars and dry. It is injured by freezing before drying.—D. TAYLOR, in *Ans. Agriculturist.*

CORK SHAVINGS FOR BEDS.—Cork shavings are equal to hair in comfort, without costing one-third as much, and cork is more durable than any other material in use. It supercedes all necessity for "spring bottoms," thereby saving in another way more than its entire cost, and so far as cleanliness and health are concerned, its superiority over all other materials in use, will be appreciated at once. We have a lady patient who has slept on a "cork bed" for the last five years, and it is still as good as new.—*Journal of Health.*

ANOTHER REMEDY.—Rats and mice can be very easily got rid of, if people will only use the means. Get live plaster of Paris and flour, mix them dry in equal quantities, lay it in dry places and sprinkle a little sugar among it. Both rats and mice eat ravenously, the plaster sets firm directly after it is moistened, becomes a lump inside of them, and kills to a certainty.

GINGER SNAPS.—"A young housekeeper" recently sent to the office of the American Agriculturist some excellent samples of this cake, with the following directions for making:—Take 2 cups molasses, 1 cup lard, 1 tablespoonful ginger, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoonful soda. Let these ingredients boil up *once*, then add flour until stiff enough to roll out, and bake in a quick oven.

HOMINY PUDDING.—It may not be known that pudding made of hominy is quite as good as that made of rice, and far cheaper. After having cooked the hominy by boiling in the usual way, add eggs, milk, sugar, and flavoring if desired, as in making rice pudding. We (says the American Agriculturist) have tried it, and know it to be good.

CHEAP AND VALUABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.—The flour of rye, and yellow potatoes, are found an excellent substitute for coffee. Boil, peel and mash the potatoes, and then mix with the meal into a cake, which is to be dried in an oven, and afterwards reduced to a powder, which will make a beverage very similar to coffee in its taste, as well as in other properties, and not in the least detrimental to health.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 172 letters.

My 1, 171, 101, is a high mountain.
My 2, 132, 52, 22, is a part of the human body.
My 3, 170, 78, is any cubical body.
My 5, 106, is an interjection.
My 6, 160, 93, 71, 4, 126, 38, 113, is a fine blue mineral.
My 12, 162, 23, is a part of the human body.
My 14, 154, 88, 48, 168, 54, is a surgeon's instrument.
My 16, 103, 26, 134, 143, is a diadem.
My 21, 122, 96, 47, 117, 98, 135, 80, is a plant.
My 23, 89, 166, 128, 61, 31, is a Russian coin.
My 27, 41, 145, 87, is a town of the Netherlands.
My 36, 30, 165, 81, 151, 58, is a tree of the West Indies.
My 37, 115, 135, 161, is a weaver's instrument.
My 63, 92, 42, 102, 72, is a part of the human body.
My 68, 110, 46, is a color.
My 66, 156, 19, 106, 86, 56, 34, is a species of bird.
My 68, 148, 43, 13, 70, is a tree of China.
My 73, 130, 172, is a small vessel of much utility.
My 79, 59, 152, 29, 114, is a geometrical figure.
My 84, 134, 164, 142, 20, 50, 136, 64, is an European bird.
My 98, 65, 17, 118, is the subject of a discourse.
My 99, 18, 49, 138, is an adverb.
My 100, 9, 129, 119, 45, 85, is an ordinal number.
My 111, 33, 11, 44, 76, 8, 55, is a piece of ship's timber.
My 123, 74, 94, 91, 146, 160, is a kind of fish.
My 125, 157, 77, 35, is a cardinal number.
My 127, 120, is a pronoun.
My 133, 10, 105, 140, 82, 60, 40, 90, is a mineral.
My 137, 7, 57, 107, 97, is a planet.
My 141, 1, is an exclamation.
My 144, 24, 163, 139, 109, 83, is an European singing bird.
My 147, 53, 113, 95, is what my whole is.
My 153, 167, 67, is that which no one declines.
My 158, 15, 51, 121, is an aquatic fowl.
My 159, 20, 104, 75, is a common beverage.
My 169, 149, 69, 131, 116, 25, is a species of fish.

My whole is a remarkable passage from the Scriptures. JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a part of the body.
My second is the name of a river in Europe.
My third is a useful household article.
My fourth is a prefix.
My fifth is a row—perhaps a trouble.
My whole is a large animal.

Cincinnati, Ohio. Capt. L. B. CHESTER.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Walking along the Mississippi River one day, and having a glass bottle weighing 4 pounds Troy, and containing precisely one gallon of wine, desiring to know whether the bottle would sink, I threw it into the river. Did it sink or swim, and how much heavier or lighter than the same bulk of water? The weight of a cubic inch of glass being 1.12 oz. Troy; the same measure of water, .5 oz.; the same of wine, .45 oz.

Mount Carroll, Illinois. ANDROS.

☞ An answer is requested.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a number consisting of two digits, the second of which is greater than the first; and if the number be divided by the sum of its digits, the quotient will be 4; but if the digits be inverted, and that number be divided by a number greater by 4 than the difference of the digits, the quotient will be 9. Required—the number?

Albany. W. G. T.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between large bodies of water when stirred by a tempest, and a devoted swain? Ans.—The one makes love, and the other lakes move.

☞ Why are certain poems left us in such an antiquated style? Ans.—Because they are Spenser's.

☞ What is the difference between a glove maker for the nobility and one who adores the women? Ans.—The one loves the girls, but the other gloves the Earls?

☞ Why was a British General most at home in a thinly inhabited country, abounding with forests and wild scenery? Ans.—Because he was a Wolfe.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Swedes Church, Wilmington, Delaware. DOUBLE REBUS.—Mast, Ash, June, Garribaldi, Elder, Negro, Eighteen, Recess, Apollo, Lawn, Indigo, Staff, Redress, Æric, Ekler, Lawrence, Parson, Unfit, Troy, News, Albani, Miss. Initials—Maj.-General Israel Putnam. Finis —"The Iron Son of Seventy-Six."